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As we go to press it is not certain whether there is to be a strike in the printing trades in New York City. Within the ranks of the International Union there is a dispute over questions of jurisdiction. There is also some doubt as to the course to be followed by the printing houses and the large publishers. Should a strike be called The New Republic will make no effort to have its printing done by a non-union shop. Accordingly, if no union shop is available, it is possible that for the period of the strike we shall be forced to suspend publication.

The Week

A FULL transcript of the testimony of Mr. William C. Bullitt before the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate reveals information of extraordinary value. Perhaps of most importance is an account of a meeting of the Council of Ten, for the consideration of Russian policy, held on the 16th of January, 1919. When the delegates assembled (this is not Mr. Bullitt's report, but the official record) Mr. Lloyd George at once declared that military intervention in Russia was impossible. "If he now proposed to send a thousand British troops to Russia for that purpose the armies would mutiny. . . . The mere idea of crushing Bolshevism by a military force is pure madness."—Let it again be noted that this is neither hearsay nor the wisdom of the novice. It is the argument of Great Britain's Premier to his colleagues.

A SECOND alternative—that of the "sanitary cordon"—Mr. Lloyd George also rejected. It would not be a health cordon but a death cordon. Women and children would be starved. This, he said, was "a policy which, as humane people, those present could not consider." Besides, who was to overthrow the Soviets? If the peace delegates counted on Kolchak or Denikin "they were building on quicksand." Moreover—and to this statement we invite the attention of the many Americans who have been dupes of the Kolchak propagandists—"from information received it would appear that Kolchak had been collecting members of the old regime around him, and would seem to be at heart a monarchist."—Mr. Lloyd George concluded that the only acceptable policy was a discussion of peace with all factions, each in its own sphere of influence.

AT this juncture Mr. Wilson entered the discussion—Mr. Wilson, who for the succeeding eight months was to make no public effort to raise that blockade which "humane people could not consider." And Mr. Wilson said he "would not be surprised to find that the reason why British and United States troops would not be ready to enter Russia to fight the Bolsheviki was explained by the fact that the troops were not at all sure that if they put down Bolshevism they would not bring about a reestablishment of the old order. . . . He believed that those present would be playing against the principle of the free spirit of the world if they did not give Russia a chance to find herself along the lines of utter freedom. He concurred with Mr. Lloyd George's view and supported his recommendations that the third line of procedure be adopted."—And then? Kolchak showed a flash of success—the reactionary press assailed the Prinkipo proposal—and the diplomats of America and England lost their heads, their principles, and their good sense.

NEITHER the President's list of delegates nor Mr. Gompers' inspires confidence in the national labor conference that is to be held next week. Nevertheless it would be a mistake to condemn the conference in advance. Only, let its actions be definite and clear-cut. The Industrial

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Relations Conference held in Canada last week shows how easily oratory may take the place of decision. The Canadian Conference avoided every controversial question it could—and referred the others to various commissions and boards that will bury them for months. If our own Conference speedily and unequivocally accepts but three principles—the right of collective bargaining, the eight-hour day and the minimum wage—it will be of service in preparing the way for development towards self-government in industry. But if it evades these issues, then no matter how earnest its debates the Conference will be a failure.

ON the principle of public economy the United Mine Workers have demanded nationalization of the industry in which they labor. "Our coal resources are the birthright of the American people for all time to come, and we hold that it is the immediate duty of the American people to prevent the profligate waste that is taking place under private ownership of these resources." Upon their success in proving the existence of this waste depends the vitality of the tremendous movement which the Mine Workers have launched. For the present they sketch their plans for ownership and control only in general terms. The government, they ask, is to acquire title to all coal properties "at a figure representing the actual valuation" as determined by federal agents; operation is to be the joint function of government and workers.

IT is for the achievement of this program that the Mine Workers have proposed to the Railway Brotherhoods an alliance which would work first for the Plumb Plan and then for nationalization of the mines. But nationalization is only one of the political issues in the program of the Mine Workers. Resolutions adopted by the convention included demands for repeal of the Espionage Act and for the enactment of legislation to take away from the Supreme Court power to declare unconstitutional the acts of Congress. With such political issues at stake the Convention reached a decision of first importance. It voted to abandon the established policy of the A. F. of L. and to issue a call for a general labor conference to create a national political party for workmen. Such organizations as the Nonpartisan League and the Cooperatives are invited.

IN Hungary the White Terror is no longer a threat. It is there, in full swing. Associated Press reports, quoting the Neue Freie Presse and the Arbeiter Zeitung, give accounts of the way law and order is being reestablished by the monarchist groups in the Trans-Danubian region. There are numberless whippings and hangings—the victims, in all cases, being "persons suspected of Bolshevist tendencies." In Lengyeltoni nine people were hanged without a trial; in Czelli, twenty-five. Of course there have been a few mistakes. An agent of the French Government was accidentally murdered. But the White Terrorists are fired with crusaders' ardor. To the peasant and workman they must teach a lesson.

WHILE the diplomats in Paris announce that their codes for the protection of racial minorities have established a new world order, the White Terrorists in Hungary go busily ahead making such codes a mockery. Upon Jews the White Terrorists are placing fines which amount to confiscation—and exacting their payment under threats of death. The Arbeiter Zeitung declares that in one town a Catholic priest defended the innocence of certain Jewish victims of any taint of Bolshevism. Nevertheless the Jews were hanged. What is happening in Hungary will shock the people of America. But of the White Terror—unlike the Red Terror—Americans will be spared many details. Yet they may be sure that events in Hungary are only a little sample of what will happen if ever Kolchak or Denikin set their standards in Moscow.

VARIOUS settlements are being reported in the contest for sovereignty in Fiume. Some of the reports say that the city is to be given outright to Italy—a decision which would of course destroy that single victory won by open diplomacy. Other reports suggest that in compensation for modifying her claims to complete sovereignty Italy is to receive concessions in Africa and possibly a mandate for a portion of Asia Minor. It will be a cynical demonstration of the character of mandates if resort is had to any such bartering of colonies in an effort to settle a question that has been before the Peace Conference for six months.

ITALY, no doubt, is in a better position to reject compromises than she has been at any other period of the controversy. This advantage she owes d'Annunzio. For d'Annunzio's coup is further proof of that principle demonstrated, for one instance, by Japan in Shantung—the principle that possession still counts heavily in the case. It is no time for the Italian government to send its thanks to d'Annunzio; but to the most unsuspecting critic it seems more than a coincidence that the General who called upon d'Annunzio to withdraw from Fiume (Robilant) has been removed, and that his successor (Badoglio) is more lenient with his use of the ultimatum.

IN a fresh appeal Premier Paderewski seeks financial support from the United States. Americans, he says, have "but little realization of the immensity of the problems with which we have had to cope." That statement is probably true. With an imperialist government and a discontented peasantry Poland has nevertheless been called upon by the French Foreign Office to put an army into the field against Russia. That the Polish government should desperately need foreign capital is in fact one indication of its weakness. For there are funds in Poland—if the government could get them. They belong to the wealthy landowners. But these funds the landlords are turning into francs—to be shipped to places of safety. Pogroms, for the present, satisfy the land-hunger of the peasantry. But the landlords know that this hunger may go farther.

ANOTHER appeal to America, in this case for a state that has had far less consideration than Poland, comes from the Bessarabian delegates at the Peace Conference. In January, 1918, Rumanian troops were authorized to enter Bessarabia ostensibly for the purpose of restoring order. There was no need for their intervention, say the Bessarabian delegates. Their country was prosperous and satis-

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fied. But with the magic slogan of suppressing Bolshevism the Rumanian Government persuaded the Peace Conference to let its troops march in. These troops were to be withdrawn, of course, when their task was finished.

THAT promise, after an interval of eighteen months, Rumania has still failed to redeem. The Bessarabian delegates tell a story of bold imperialism. Local zemstvos that had stood the test of centuries have been dissolved by the Rumanians. The old Bessarabian courts are replaced by Rumanian tribunals. The use of the Russian language, universally spoken, has been prohibited in the schools. Priests and schoolmasters have been flogged, imprisoned or deported—and sometimes killed. Foodstuffs sent from America are appropriated by Rumanian authorities. Coercion is being used to force the election of Rumanian officials. A British official is quoted as authority for the fact that hideous tortures are being practised in an effort to rule Bessarabia completely. So far the Peace Conference, busy with other labors, has had no time for Bessarabia. In despair the delegates of that country now turn to America with the plea that they be guaranteed against this aggression, masked as a holy crusade against Bolshevism.

BULGARIA'S treaty provides for an indemnity of $450,000,000 and for the surrender of 50,000 tons of coal each year for five years and the delivery of 73,000 head of cattle, horses and sheep. These decisions the Peace Conference reached without trouble—though there is trouble enough in store for the Bulgarian government that sets out to collect 73,000 head of livestock from its peasants. Where the Peace delegates met more difficulty was in the settlement of territorial issues. Thrace and the Dobrudja have been two principal causes of quarrels in the Balkans. But despite that fact, in neither case had the Peace Conference enough unanimity to reach a decision. It gave Bulgaria a treaty, but it has still to furnish the Balkans with a peace.

A FULL text of the agreement between Great Britain and Persia, now made public for the first time, contains all the references to Persian independence which British statesmen have claimed were there. But the treaty also reveals conditions which will make that independence an unsubstantial thing unless the treaty is administered by a more liberal Foreign Office than England has today. In exchange for a loan of £2,000,000 Persia agrees to accept British military and political advisers who are to be "endowed with adequate powers." It was a demand for the use of "advisers" that Japan made upon China, in 1915, to the horror of the western world. Now a dispatch to the New York Times declares that the Persian ministers who drew the present agreement are in fear of returning home—since "no more than two per cent of the Persian people support the treaty."

IT would be interesting to learn the name and the authority of that official in the American Embassy in London who supplies the Yorkshire Post with its information. He has confirmed the report, says a staff correspondent of the Post, that the American government "has decided upon intervention in Mexico." Moreover, he is quite definite in his information. A hundred thousand men are to do the job—and we are to undertake it as part of our responsibility under the Monroe Doctrine. Mines, oil wells, ranches, smelters—"these are some of the reasons given by my informant why the United States is bound in honor to intervene, and why it should have intervened long ago."

INDEPENDENT voters throughout the country have been summoned to a national conference in St. Louis on the 9th of next December. The call for this assembly comes from the Committee of Forty-Eight, which was organized in March of this year for the purpose of combining liberal forces upon a program of social, economic and political progress. Delegates to the St. Louis convention will debate the alternatives either of attempting to form a new political party or of joining forces with farmers' organizations and labor parties already in existence.

SECRETARY BAKER'S conversion to universal military training is one of the unexpected by-products of the war. Testifying before a Congressional Committee on Tuesday Mr. Baker declared that his plans for military training will provide young Americans with "splendid educational advantages, not perhaps the equal of a college training, but an experience nearly akin to it." It is true of course that from a new federal interest in education and in the physical development of our young men great benefits may come. But there is no imaginable reason why this interest must be exercised under the supervision of army officers—and talk about educational opportunities simply beclouds the issue. We can have a new federal direction of education whether or not we also have military training. Now, while Mr. Wilson tells the West that one of the ten achievements of his treaty is "disarmament," Secretary Baker asks for a standing army five times as large as any we have ever had before.

STRIKES in the mines of northeastern Pennsylvania go a long way toward proving that restlessness on the part of the rank and file of labor is a real factor, and no scarecrow set up by the leaders. The workers in the Delaware & Hudson and Delaware, Lackawanna & Western coal mines had grievances which their union representatives were handling for them. But the workers chose not to wait. Ten thousand of them went out on strike. Shortly the number doubled, then doubled again. Forty thousand strikers defied their own union president for a week, though he told them they were disloyal to the organization. Exasperated with a delay which would formerly have seemed trivial the men renounced their leaders and chose their own course of action.

THE National Social Unit Organization is making plans for an evaluation of its work. For two years, in Cincinnati, the Social Unit has conducted an experiment in community organization and the democratic control of expert administration. Various national committees are now to examine the work done by the Unit in nursing, recreation, industrial organization and other fields of social work. Simultaneously with this study an attempt is being made to build for the Unit a national membership of men and women interested in the application of research methods to the solution of social problems.

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The Steel Strike

HAD Mr. Fitzpatrick declined to confer with Mr. Gary he would have been denounced from one end of the country to the other as a firebrand. But Mr. Gary can decline to confer with the representative of a very large section of his men; he can refuse to arbitrate, to consult, to mediate, even to discuss; he can bluntly repudiate all the known methods of peaceful adjustment, and so far as one can judge by the press, few voices are raised to brand him for what he is: an inciter of violence, a provoker of industrial war, an industrial barbarian. Mr. Gary by his action has made himself responsible for an enormous calamity. Whole communities will be disorganized, industries paralyzed, production halted, there will be waste and misery and untold bitterness, because he has willed it. Calculating that the unions may not be strong enough to win this time, relying on enormous war profits to tide him over, knowing that the organization is immature, trusting to his autocratic control over public authority in the steel districts, exploiting the fevered and panicky condition of the public mind, he has deliberately chosen to provoke the strike now because he thinks he can smash the union. He has not taken one step to avert a strike. He has not made one move for peace. He has slammed the door in the men's faces. He has called for no mediation, no disinterested intervention. He has not asked the government to stabilize the situation until adjustment can be had. He has distributed guns, suppressed meetings, refused a hearing. He has not even asked the men to wait for the White House conference. He does not wish them to wait. If he must talk about such matters at the White House, he prefers to have the strike well advanced, thoroughly embittered, and as he hopes, defeated. He wants this strike and he wants it now, because he thinks he can win and have a few more years of absolute power in his industry. After that—well Mr. Gary is not looking ahead.

It may be said that the men should have waited for the White House conference. It would have been better if they had, and men like Mr. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Gompers would probably have chosen to wait, but alone they have not the power to wait. Pressing against them is a mass of angry men who have suffered under the rule of the Steel Corporation a regime of naked oppression such as no free man ought to tolerate. Take the New York Times dispatch of September 21st: "The most serious disturbance occurred at North Clairton, twenty miles from Pittsburgh, late in the afternoon, when the State troopers charged a crowd of union men holding a mass meeting and broke it up." Can any one in his senses expect the workers of those dismal steel towns to say to their leaders: "Let's prove to Mr. Gary that we are better gentlemen than he. Let's wait for the White House conference, where we note with pleasure, Mr. Gary will represent the public." Yet conceivably they might have been induced to wait, had Mr. Gary asked them to wait, had the President assured them that their case would be thoroughly aired at the conference. Failing that, Mr. Gompers and Mr. Fitzpatrick might have repudiated the men, and resigned their leadership. That would have helped Mr. Gary to win the strike, but it would not have helped to avoid the strike. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that a group of exceedingly dangerous men, with Mr. Gary as their leader, have chosen war because they think they can win it. Their view is expressed by that faithful press agent, the editor of the New York Times, when he says: "We think it is the general feeling of the whole community that, serious as may be the consequences of the conflict, it can be met only in one way." That way is to provoke it first, and then suppress it as ruthlessly as possible.

This procedure is so utterly indefensible that a smoke screen is necessary to conceal the operation. Mr. Gary led off by distorting Mr. Fitzpatrick's request for a conference into a demand for a closed shop. But his press agents have not stopped there. The public is informed that the average wage is $6.23 a day. The public is not expected to remember that an "average wage" if it includes, as this does, the salaries of the administrative and selling force, is absolutely misleading. One might as well say that the average wage of the scrub woman at ten dollars a week and of the President of the United States at $1442 a week is $776. Having doctored the figures, the propagandists next proceed to insinuate that the steel workers are rolling in wealth. These rich aliens are preparing to spend their "vacation" in Maine and at the big hotels in New York. "Many strikers planning de luxe vacation here" is a caption in the New York Tribune of September 22nd. "The Waldorf-Astoria, McAlpin, Majestic, Astor and Pennsylvania hotels were among those which reported an extraordinary number of rooms engaged in advance by telegraph from such steel centers as Pittsburgh, Wilkes-Barre, Braddock and McKeesport. In many instances, it was said, the reservations were made by workmen in the mills." These same prosperous people are asking for a conference to discuss one day's rest in seven and the abolition of twenty-four hour shifts, and an increase of wages "to guarantee American standards of living." Then, every effort is being made to have them regarded as dreadful aliens, dark,

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dirty people who have not been Americanized in those well-governed, smiling, spacious communities of the steel district. Finally, of course, in the headlines they are bringing on the social revolution.

In the long run the only result of this attempt to poison public opinion will be to destroy that remnant of confidence between social classes which is indispensable to the orderly transition of industry. In supporting Mr. Gary, in publishing his propaganda, the press is making itself the exponent of a doctrine as obsolete as the divine right of kings. He governs an industry which for sheer concentrated power is probably unsurpassed in the world. By its control of raw materials, its interlocked management, its unlimited capital resources it is a supremely aggressive and masterful business organization. Itself the leading example of what combination can accomplish, itself a monument to the fact that the old competitive era of small plants and personal relationship between employer and employed has passed away, the steel corporation insists today that each of its laborers shall alone, unaided, unadvised, unsupported, bargain with it as to the conditions of his work. The corporation employs over twice as many men as there were in the whole American army three years ago. Dependent upon it are more human beings than in some of the most bitterly disputed territories of Europe. The issue is whether or not those people shall be represented in the government of the industry upon which their lives depend. Sooner or later that issue will be settled and it will be settled in favor of labor's representation. No amount of yowling can prevent it. A government based on the participation and consent of the governed will not forever tolerate a naked autocracy in industry. Mr. Gary has no power to prevent that. The newspapers that support him have no power to prevent it. They can only delay it; they can repeat the folly of all the autocrats who have preceded them to disaster. They can spurn temperate advice. They can resist moderate reform. They can cling hysterically to their power. But they will learn that having yielded nothing when there was still time to yield, they must in the end yield everything. "The woes of France," said Theodore Roosevelt, "for a century and a quarter have been due to the folly of her people in splitting into the two camps of unreasonable conservatism and unreasonable radicalism. Had pre-Revolutionary France listened to men like Turgot and backed them up all would have gone well. But the beneficiaries of privilege, the Bourbon reactionaries, the short-sighted ultra-conservatives, turned down Turgot; and then found that instead of him they had obtained Robespierre. They gained twenty years' freedom from all restraint and reform at the cost of the whirlwind of the red terror; and in their turn the unbridled extremists of the terror induced a blind reaction; and so with convulsion and oscillation from one extreme to another, with alterations of violent radicalism and violent Bourbonism, the French people went through misery to a shattered goal."

That Mr. Gary and his friends have no intention of taking that wisdom to heart is plain. They have appealed to force. If the American people leave the issue to be settled by force, they will find that if Garyism triumphs it is but the prelude to wider and deeper convulsions. But what the American people do about it depends upon their power to penetrate the hideous cloud of misrepresentation and prejudice that is being raised to blind them. Senator Kenyon has wisely called for a congressional investigation. This he should press so that some tribunal shall exist where a matter of such enormous importance can be determined in some other way than by street riots.

The government, in all probability, will have to settle this strike, for there is no prospect of a quick victory by either side, and every prospect of a long wasting struggle. No government that dares to call itself American can support Mr. Gary in his refusal to meet the representatives of his men. On this issue there can be no neutrality. The government will have to summon Mr. Gary into the same room with Mr. Fitzpatrick and keep them there till they reach a basis of agreement. In that room Mr. Gary may learn to abandon his absurd pretensions.

The Policeman and the Police Power

THE strike of the Boston police has ended not only in a complete failure but in a disorganized rout. In addition to losing all they fought to obtain the strikers have as a punishment for going out been deprived of their jobs. Their fellow unionists in Boston, after threatening a general strike, have not dared to make the threat good. The explosion of popular protest, provoked by the rebellion of the police, and lack of unity among the workers have prevented any attempt to rescue their beaten comrades. It is an unusually decisive outcome of a dangerous and troublesome controversy. Rarely in the history of labor conflicts has a body of highly organized labor, occupying as strong an economic position as the Boston unions, suffered so decisive a defeat.

It is well that the strike of the Boston police has failed. In spite of the substantial grievances of the strikers, their proposal to affiliate with the A. F. of L. was not compatible with the faithful

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execution of their regular duties. In their contest with the Commissioner they allowed him to manoeuvre them into an untenable position, and when they were once placed at a disadvantage and had to strike or yield without striking, their fellow unionists naturally hesitated to adopt in their support tactics which considering the condition of public feeling in Boston would have assumed a revolutionary complexion. The Boston police did not, consequently, deserve to win. Should those who are in general sympathy with the cause of organized labor dodge or palliate this unpalatable truth, they will make a grave mistake.

Yet in spite of this truth, there is still much to be said on behalf of the Boston police and still more in criticism of the behavior of their official opponents. The police did not deserve to win, but as a penalty for having lost they deserve even less such extremely drastic punishment. The refusal to take them back is harsh, inexpedient and wrong-headed. The strikers had organized in order to force the consideration of genuine grievances as to wages and conditions of employment, which they had tried in vain to remedy by other methods. Any wage-earners, no matter who their employer or what their status in other respects, to whom is denied the ordinary protection of striking, are entitled to a semi-judicial inquiry into alleged grievances and a recognized machinery for their consideration and adjustment. This the rules of the Department and the policy of the Commissioner refused to the Boston police. The refusal did not justify a strike, but it did mitigate the offense of striking. In falling back on this remedy they were raising a novel issue in American labor controversies. They had little reason to realize in advance the intense resentment which their action would provoke and they had no reason to anticipate in case of failure any worse penalty than readmission to their jobs on the old terms. By refusing to take them back, while at the same time recruiting another force at higher wages and under improved conditions, Messrs. Curtis, Peters and Coolidge have falsified for their victims the lesson of their victory. They have furnished to the striking policemen and their fellow unionists in Boston and throughout the country a counter-grievance which will induce them to condone their own mistake and remember only the harsh reprisal. A commonwealth which is arrogant and inflexible in the assertion of its authority and which resents any tampering with the necessary agencies of public order is under a peculiar obligation to be wise and benignant in the exercise of its authority. The officials of Massachusetts have, on the contrary, been legalistic, headstrong and fanatical. They have tainted a proper vindication of the authority of the state with an inhumanity in its exercise, to which the wage earners are only too well accustomed. The latter have learned once again that no matter how real their grievances, they must not, whenever they are beaten and stripped of power, expect mercy or considerate treatment from their political and industrial superiors.

The vindictive spirit in which the state officials of Massachusetts have used their victory will infuse additional bitterness and fanaticism into the conduct of other labor controversies in different parts of the country. The warfare between capital and labor which has smouldered for so long in American industry is on the point of becoming a dangerous conflagration. Labor is immensely more powerful than it was before the war. It proposes to use its power in order to bring about radical alterations for its benefit in the organization and processes of American industry. There is plenty of room for differences of opinion as to how soon and how far these demands should be granted, but there is no room for difference of opinion about the spirit in which they should be considered. The opponents of organized labor need to recognize the grievances of which the demands are an expression, and they should credit the wage-earners with the benefit of motives no less reputable than their own. Unless they behave in this spirit, the coming conflict may easily degenerate, as it has in so many European countries, into an irreconcilable class war.

But patience, forbearance, understanding and generosity are precisely the qualities which the opponents of organized labor in this country most rarely exhibit and which they are not exhibiting now. In carrying on the controversy they are never satisfied to allow to organized labor the benefit of real grievances and of an honest interest in social welfare. They always do their best to disqualify the striker by accusing him of carrying on a nefarious conspiracy against the integrity of the nation. Such are the tactics they are pursuing in the steel strike and such are the tactics which succeeded in the Boston police strike. In the latter case, they had an unusually good pretext for treating the strikers as outlaws, and they took every advantage of it. Although the state had provoked the revolt by delaying to remedy clear and important grievances, this employer-sovereign would confess to no failing of his own and used the assumed strength of his moral position as a sufficient justification for ruthlessly crushing a group of wage-earners whom he had previously maltreated. He exalts the sovereignty of the state of Massachusetts as something too precious and salutary to be impugned in any way. Yet he uses the moral and social prestige of the Massachusetts gov-

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ernment to shelter an ignoble piece of economic exploitation. If this is the spirit exhibited by men who possess all the advantages of wealth, education and experience in the management of public business, what wonder if their less educated and experienced opponents consider it more important to wield power than to possess a good cause?

Mr. Elihu Root in a recent speech declared the police strike in Boston "raised the question whether our system of government represented in the constitution is to be abandoned or not?" If he means by this declaration that no government can get along without a trustworthy agency for compelling obedience, he is right. But if he means that the morale of a government depends chiefly upon the loyalty of its police, he is, we think, entirely and disastrously wrong. Governments are instituted for the purpose of safeguarding and promoting certain essential common interests of their subjects, which individual initiative or voluntary association cannot sufficiently handle. They are furnished with the weapon of physical compulsion, but this necessary weapon is at once an indispensable and a peculiarly perilous instrument. It is intended to provide security for law-abiding and fair-dealing citizens and to act as the strong right-arm of justice; but it runs into difficulties in living up to its intention. Police power, because it is an instrument of compulsion, always incurs the danger of providing immunity for the unjust rather than security for the just. The government of the United States, national and local, cannot survive without a loyal police, but their endurance depends far more on the purpose for which they use their police power than upon the loyalty of the uniformed force. The Boston police strike, as Mr. Root failed to point out, raises questions as to the justice of the state's policy no less serious than those of the discipline of the police.

A large fraction of the American people do not follow Mr. Root in failing to distinguish between the police power of the state and the purposes for which it is exercised. Mr. Root himself, not so many years ago, compared American state government to that of Venezuela, and in Venezuela popular liberty and social justice depend as often on the disloyalty of the policeman as on his loyalty. In spite of Mr. Root's comparison it has not become so bad as that in America, but the condition is none the less serious. Millions of American citizens believe themselves to possess serious economic grievances for which the existing industrial management provides no secure and orderly remedy. They believe that when they strike in order to remedy these grievances the police power of the state is generally employed so far as possible to break the strike and deprive them of their remedy. This is a grave accusation which, in so far as it is true, just as clearly raises the question of the endurance of the constitution as did the Boston police strike. The outcome of that strike will unfortunately tend to confirm the belief of labor unionists in the truth of the accusation. If they follow the bad example of their opponents, they will attach more importance to controlling police power than to exercising it on behalf of a social policy which seeks to avoid class aggression and to satisfy the demands of social justice.

Underwriting the German Indemnity

FRANCE has come out of the war fundamentally solvent, but she is in immediate need of working capital. She needs food and machinery, but most of all she needs raw materials. Much of what France needs must come from America; but wherewith shall she pay? She has no gold to export; she will have no great stock of exportable goods until her need for food and materials has been supplied. Shall she pay in credit instruments? The amounts required are colossal, and we Americans are not eager purchasers of foreign credits. Perhaps we can organize a market for the flotation of long term loans to French business men. But that is a work of time, and the need is urgent.

And so it is not strange that in both America and France there should be speculation as to the possibility of utilizing the one extensive negotiable asset of France as a basis for American credits. That asset is the German indemnity to France. Why should not France transfer part of her claims upon Germany to America in return for credits upon which her importers might draw? This is what France should be permitted to do, in the opinion of former Prime Minister Painlevé, in an interview published in the Times. Let America "underwrite, in some form, an important part of the French credit in Germany. . . . America alone can indorse our credit without any risk of loss. She alone is in a position to make Germany pay, without risk of war, because her geographical position renders her invulnerable and because she holds Germany by the credits and the raw materials she can give or refuse to give to Germany."

The proposal is one that looks logical to Painlevé. France has huge sums of money that will come due at some time in the future; but her need is immediate purchasing power. We are quite rich enough to give present purchasing power in exchange for sums falling due in the future. It is in our interest, both material and moral, to assist France toward a quick recovery. And yet there is

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apparently not a ghost of a chance that any responsible American will give the project serious consideration. A year ago we were ready to spend indefinite billions to help drive the Germans out of France. Now we will not even play the banker's part in taking bills on Germany "for collection." Is this to be explained in terms of national disillusionment?

Not at all. We are still fundamentally a peace loving people and do not like paper in our portfolios whose collection may involve a fight. M. Painlevé may be right in assuming that we should run less risk of serious resistance on the part of the debtor than any other nation. There remains more risk than we care to assume. And if this reluctance of America to assume risks that otherwise must be borne by an ally looks like national selfishness it is to be remembered that we are not without a cogent moral defence. That German paper is a bad risk chiefly because France overruled the sound counsels America offered when the peace conference convened.

By the terms of the armistice Germany was bound to make reparation for damages to the civilian inhabitants of the Allied nations and their property. All other indemnity was excluded. If the peace conference had adhered to this limitation the aggregate reparation charges that could have been assessed upon Germany would not have exceeded twenty billions of dollars. Of that sum the greater part would have gone to France. And there would have been good ground for believing that France would get every mark assigned to her. Germany could have paid it in full in a decade, and she would have had no moral excuse for repudiating it, since she agreed to it while she still had arms in her hands.

But the peace conference could not content itself with levying upon Germany merely the charges stipulated in the armistice agreement. To these were added the capitalized value of the military pension charges, a procedure that not only doubled the sum Germany was required to pay, but also weakened the moral basis of every part of the indemnity. The French may plead that it was England, not France, that moved for the inclusion of the pension charges. But if France had stood by the letter of the armistice agreement the British could never have jockeyed President Wilson into a position of repudiating it. It lay in the power of France to take for herself the greater part of all the indemnity that could be collected from Germany except through an indefinitely prolonged occupation of German soil. She voted with the British to increase the indemnity charges far beyond this point, chiefly to the benefit of the British. As a result France now holds a larger paper claim on Germany than she would have held. But the net value of the larger claim is incredibly less. It can be collected only by force applied continuously through a generation.

The German indemnity, as it stands, is a very dubious asset, and the French are largely responsible for giving it this character. It may be that the commission which is engaged in fixing the total of the charges to be levied upon Germany may adopt saner counsels than those of the peace conference and limit the amount to what Germany can pay without a wish for revenge with each mark. But the moral flaw that came with the admission of indemnity elements not included in the armistice agreement is incurable. The German indemnity credits must remain, therefore, an asset that will not float in the international market. America will hope that France may realize on them in the end, but there is little probability that America will underwrite any part of them. She feels under no moral obligation to do so, for it was by no fault of hers that the moral ground was cut from under them.

An Industrial Truce

PEACE in the industrial world would indeed be a great boon just now. We are a million houses short, and that means that somebody is paying, and will continue to pay, in comfort and health for the national luxuries of strikes and lockouts, of material prices that look too high to be permanent, of building loan methods too conservative for a time of crisis. We are not yet certain that next winter will find us with enough coal to go around among domestic consumers; we are still less certain that fuel will be on hand for the great industrial boom that would follow upon the adoption of adequate export financing policies. Greater production is urgently required in every industry. It is possible, because we are far below the level of efficiency we exhibited in the period of the war. We are below that level partly because many men who could work are not working, and more because those who are working are not doing so with full zest. They feel that the readjustments in wages and conditions of labor that the times demand are being delayed. Therefore industrial war is being waged and we as a nation are paying for it in restricted production. It is natural and proper that our statesmen should be crying for a truce.

But in the international field the cry for an unconditional truce is never heeded except in the rare instance of an absolute deadlock. The Germans last December would have joyously accepted a truce that permitted them to remain in their lines

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while the peace discussions were on. If they had been permitted to do this they would have won a peace much more to their mind. The kind of truce they actually got was one which took into account not only the actual positions of the armies, but also their potential force. The Germans had to yield without fighting what America and the Allies could have taken from them by fighting. Is that the kind of truce our political leaders wish to arrange between capital and labor? If it is, both sides to the industrial controversy can afford to listen to the plea for a truce. Or are labor and capital urged to stand in their tracks, as it were, until we see what the future will do with them? If so, the plea will probably be rejected. Labor does not feel that the struggle is deadlocked. If nothing acceptable in the way of a conditional truce is forthcoming, labor expects to continue the fighting. It feels that it has the power and the right on its side.

As to the power, the final proof lies in the event, but we may admit a presumption that labor has not used up all its reserves. The urgency of increased production, everywhere, is a cumulative force working in favor of labor, and the apparent eagerness of hundreds of thousands of workers to emigrate, and the obstacles, economic and political, to increased immigration, suggest that labor power will continue in strong demand. The experiences of the war have made for a more active spirit of organization, a more definite sense of class solidarity. As to the right, that is partly at least a matter for statistical determination. Has the laborer gained or lost in his command of purchasing power? It is not to be expected that men will go in wholeheartedly to raise production to higher levels when their actual share in the product grows less. Now, we have heard a great deal about the magnificent wages paid in some of our industries. There are said to be puddlers in Pittsburgh that have made as much as thirty dollars a day. But one swallow doesn't make a summer. How has the average laborer fared? What he buys has risen, roughly, one hundred per cent. Have his wages risen proportionately? On this point, unfortunately, our statistics are very imperfect. But such as we have do not indicate a rise even approximating one hundred per cent. Perhaps the average has risen seventy-five per cent. Now, if labor were to stop fighting for more, the net result of recent industrial movements would be a degradation in the relative position of labor. That is no condition that labor will accept unless it recognizes itself as hopelessly beaten.

But it may be said that when prices come down the present level of wages may be maintained, so that after all labor will have come out ahead. Well, who will guarantee that prices will soon come down, unless the whole business structure collapses, sweeping employment down with prices? There may be an almost universal private desire for lower prices, but let us not forget that there are vast public interests that would be jeopardized by a return to the old level. The nations of the world are staggering under war debts aggregating about two hundred billions. Interest and amortization must come out of the national incomes, which are, roughly, twice what they would be if the 1913 level of prices were restored. It will be difficult enough for the European nations to meet the charges on their debts even with prices and incomes at their present level. Restore the level of 1913 and more than one great nation will face bankruptcy.

We need to be on our guard against exaggerated notions of the power of governments to control world price movements. But neither may we ignore the indirect effect upon price movements of government action. If England, France, Italy and Germany were to act vigorously to cut down their credit currencies and by stimulation of exports and restriction of imports to draw gold away from us to serve as a basis for a conventional system of money and credit, they would no doubt effect a decided reduction in prices. We could not easily transact our present volume of business at present prices if a billion in gold were syphoned out of our bank reserves. Therefore our prices would have to fall along with European prices.

It is possible for European statecraft to reduce prices; it must also be possible for European statecraft to keep them from falling. And it is a necessity of European public finance to extend the period of high prices as far into the future as possible. That is something we ought to take into account before we urge labor to make a truce with capital and await the fall in prices. The event may be remote; and indeed it may be preceded by another boom when credits become more stable and European production gets under way.

Nevertheless there is a condition under which labor might properly consider a truce. That is an acceptance by the employers of the principle that wages, measured in purchasing power, shall not be less ample than they were in 1913. Admit the index number into the wage contract, so that so much of wages as go to procure the necessities of life may rise or fall with prices. Then neither will the laborer need to fear that failure to move for higher wages now may expose him to an aggravation of distress if prices rise still higher, nor will the employer need to fear that a wages bill resistant to change will ruin his business if prices fall.

A system of wages responding promptly to changes in living cost is far from the whole legitimate requirement of the laborer. He also demands

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a share in industrial control, and this, too, must be granted if he is to listen to the plea for a truce. But there will be less bitterness in the struggle when the laborer is assured of his normal standard of living, whatever happens in the field of general prices. That is primary, and until it has been settled there is no profit in talking truce. The laborer will not lay down his arms when they may be needed to defend his living.

Railroad Regulation on Its Last Legs

THE significance of the railroad bill drafted by Senator Cummins's sub-committee lies in the fact that it is the last gasp of a moribund system of railroad regulation. It is railroad regulation carried to its extreme conclusion, a conclusion entirely logical and utterly absurd.

In its elementary form, government regulation of private railroading was simple enough. The two most glaring evils of private railroading were extortion and discrimination. The remedy was obvious: declare that rates must be reasonable, make discrimination illegal, and leave the rest to the magic touch of competition. But logically the matter could not end there. If the government fixes freight rates it cannot leave it to the railroads to determine what service should be rendered in return. The government must enforce the use of safety devices, and inspect the condition of locomotives and cars. It must regulate the supply and types of rolling stock, the extension and improvement of railways and terminals. Since rates must bear a reasonable relation to the value of invested property, the government cannot leave it to the railways to decide what new capital is needed and how it shall be expended. Hence there must be supervision of security issues, and of the use to which the new capital is to be put. Since the magic principle of railroad competition incidentally compels competing railroads to scramble for traffic quite regardless of economical routing or efficient operation, it is necessary for the government in time of traffic congestion to direct the routing of traffic and compel the interchange of rolling stock and common use of terminals. Since the most important item in railroad expenses is wages, and since strikes disrupt transportation, the Government must fix wages and settle industrial disputes.

Thus progressively and inescapably one item of regulation leads to another, until virtually every element of railroad operation is under the control of the government. But as the system of regulation approaches logical perfection, it becomes more and more unworkable. The regulating body becomes overworked, and overgrown. Decisions that should be made in a week are delayed for months and years, while lawyers wrangle and courts and commissions debate legal principles and establish precedents. Authority and responsibility are divided. The railroads blame the regulating commission for their troubles, and the commission blames the railroads. Railroad presidents become professional prophets of disaster, for it is their duty to persuade the regulating commission that the railroads are headed toward bankruptcy if rates are not increased. Railroad lawyers exhaust their arsenal of injunctions and extraordinary writs in trying to paralyze the commission, and then attack the commission for its obstructive tactics. A business which requires far-sighted policies, firm and prompt decisions, and above all centralized authority and a loyal esprit de corps, becomes paralyzed with wrangling and legalism.

Before the United States entered the war, the railroads had already gone far along this path toward the paralysis of over-regulation. Successive amendments to the Interstate Commerce Act, each logically unavoidable, had already enlarged the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission over most of the essential elements of railroading. The physical breakdown of the railroads in 1916 and 1917, and the complete destruction of railroad credit, were signs that the inevitable paralysis was already setting in.

To this evolution toward complete government regulation and complete paralysis, Senator Cummins's bill is a fitting final chapter. It bestows on the government regulating power over railroad wages and working conditions, over new issues of railroad securities and over the purposes to which new capital is to be put, over the consolidation of competing carriers and the regional reorganization of railroads, over pooling of freight earnings, and over new construction and the extension of existing lines. It perfects the regulating power over rates and service, over through routes and connections, and car and locomotive distribution. In short it embodies virtually all the Interstate Commerce Commission's recommendations for perfecting and rounding out its own regulative powers.

Evidently fearing that the logical progress toward the paralysis of over-regulation would not be sufficiently rapid, the Committee has added another feature, borrowed from the Railway Executives' plan. The bill establishes a Railway Transportation Board of five, appointed by the President. And it skilfully divides between this body and the Interstate Commerce Commission the regulative functions of the government, with a system of checks and balances carefully designed to hinder rapid decision. The Board is to investigate

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the financial condition of the railroads, and transmit its findings to the Commission; but the Commission can make an investigation of its own, and reject the recommendations of the Board. The Board is given authority to inquire into the best way of coordinating rail and water transportation; but the actual power to prescribe through routes and joint rates is left with the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Board is given authority to compel railroads to furnish adequate car service; but complaints as to discrimination in car service continue to go before the Commission, under the general clauses forbidding preferences and discriminations.

If there is any feature of railroad administration which requires prompt, even ruthless action, it is the distribution of traffic in times of congestion. Senator Cummins's bill allows the Transportation Board to distribute obstructed traffic among competing lines, on reasonable terms; but it provides for an appeal to the Interstate Commerce Commission by any interested carrier "in respect to the propriety of such diversion or in respect to such terms." In another section the Commission is given independent power in times of congestion to establish new through routes. The situation can be visualized. There is a severe winter, and New England is threatened with a coal shortage. The trunk lines are jammed with non-essential export traffic, and coal cars are unable to move. Complaints are duly filed with the Transportation Board, hearings are held, and testimony taken. The coal companies claim that the export freight should be diverted to southern ports. The railroads resist the claim. Volumes of testimony are taken, batteries of lawyers analyze the evidence and expound the law, lengthy briefs are submitted. The Board reaches a decision and orders the export traffic diverted. The railroads appeal. The opposing camps with their retinues of lawyers and witnesses, transfer their activities to the Interstate Commerce Commission. More evidence is taken, more legal arguments are heard, more briefs are submitted. In the meantime another independent proceeding has been started before the Commission to compel connecting railroads to establish through routes with the roads to which it is proposed to divert the export traffic, and in this proceeding there must be more testimony, more arguments, and more briefs. The Interstate Commerce Commission is a busy judicial body, accustomed to careful deliberation. Opinions must be written, and perhaps dissenting opinions. By the time a final decision is reached, New England will be basking in summer sunshine.

This principle of divided authority pervades the bill. Two railroads desire to consolidate. They must first wait for the Transportation Board to draw up a general plan of consolidation, submit it to the Interstate Commerce Commission, and secure its approval. The railroads must then agree on a specific plan of merger, and embody it in an application to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Commission must refer the application to the Transportation Board for a report. After the report is made, the Commission must hold hearings, and render a decision, which may or may not conform with the report of the Board. If after seven years the railroads do not agree to a consolidation, "the Commission and the Board, each being charged with the duties and clothed with the powers herein prescribed," are directed to enforce a consolidation. The new consolidated corporation is to be incorporated by the Board, on a basis of valuation fixed by the Commission. The Board may negotiate the exchange of securities of the new corporation for securities of the old, but only on a valuation fixed by the Commission. The Board can make a temporary contract guaranteeing earnings during the period of re-organization, but the contracts must be approved by the Commission. If the new federal corporation desires to exercise the power of eminent domain, both the Board and the Commission must independently certify to the necessity or convenience of the property to be taken. If anyone had set about deliberately to devise a method of consolidation certain to lead to deadlock and paralysis, he could not have hit upon a more successful scheme.

And this is the result of nine months of Senatorial deliberation, nine months in which the country's best expert knowledge was placed at the Senate's disposal. Could there be a more complete demonstration of the incompetence and uselessness of the present leadership in Congress?

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The Alliance and the League

WITH commendable moral courage the German Republic has published the whole series of official reports, diplomatic and military, bearing on the massacre of a million Armenians by the Turkish allies of the old regime. History will have to record that, from first to last, the responsible heads of the Empire, from the Chancellor up to Hindenburg and Ludendorff, were fully informed of what was going on, and that they failed to stop the slaughter, or even to check it. Their case would not be particularly interesting, if we had to say of them that they were totally indifferent. That was not the fact. Their ambassador in Constantinople wrote of these ghastly events, and indeed of the whole record of the Young Turks, with horror and disgust, and pleaded that something should be done. The senior officer on the spot, the Bavarian General Kress, called down the judgment of history on his own country, if it should fail to stop the massacres. We even find Hindenburg, a simple-minded, old-fashioned soldier, telegraphing a personal appeal "as a Christian" to Enver Pasha to stop the slaughter. These appeals failed. The first impulse on reading this record, is to exclaim, "Well, one is glad for the credit of our common humanity that some of them cared enough to send these evidently sincere and agitated telegrams, but why, when words failed, did they take no action?" If one really asks that question in good faith, the answer may be instructive and surprising. What action could they have taken? They were engaged all the while, one must remember, in a life and death struggle with the Entente: the Turks were their allies, who held some positions, notably the Dardanelles, on which the whole strategy of the war might turn. What means of pressure could Berlin use? Stop subsidies? Check the flow of munitions? Withdraw officers or airmen? Plainly to do any of these things would have been to risk the whole future of the war, at any rate in the east, and perhaps to abandon the hope of a favorable decision.

A stern moralist will say, of course, and say justly from an ethical standpoint, that at any cost the Germans ought to have stopped the massacres, even if it meant losing the war. Judge the episode, however, as a student of comparative history, and one may doubt whether any government could have intervened against such allies effectively, or would have intervened, if the price might be partial defeat. The Turks were so insolent that in Baku they even looted the houses of German subjects, under the eyes of German staff officers, who protested in vain. The American reader may bring the judgment of an innocent nation to bear on such a case. An Englishman, if he is honest, has to remember that we too were once the allies of the Turks, and London emerges no better from the story of the Bulgarian atrocities in Disraeli's time, than does Berlin from this ghastly Armenian chapter. I once rode over a region of Macedonia, while it was still a Turkish province, in which the Slav peasants, in village after village, told me that their fathers had owned the soil as free men. The Moslem proprietors had seized it and made serfs of them only half a century back. I had the curiosity to inquire more precisely into dates. In every case this enslavement had taken place about the year 1854, when our fathers backed the Turks in the Crimea.

The moral that emerges from this Armenian story is of general application. No power can control its allies, or ever has controlled its allies, unless indeed they were so weak as to be a negligible factor in its military or political calculations. That conclusion follows from British no less than from German experience with the Turks. It follows as clearly from French and British experience with Russia, and that in periods not of open war, but of armed peace. The facts about the destruction of Finnish liberty, the Jewish pogroms, the ruin of Persia and the brutal repressions of Stolypin's counter-revolution, were fully known in England and in France. They never interfered with the cordiality of the French alliance or checked the flow of French gold which was to be spent on the building of strategic railways and warships. They scarcely gave us pause, when from 1906 onwards, we gradually embraced Tsardom as our ally in all but the name. Evidence which has come to light only since the revolution, establishes the fact that during the war the Russians massacred on the Kirghiz steppes and in Turkestan, not to mention their pogroms in Poland and Eastern Galicia, about as many human beings as the Turks slaughtered simultaneously in Armenia. If our records were uncovered, one may doubt whether it would be found that Joffre or Kitchener had ever telegraphed "as Christians" a word of remonstrance to Petrograd. When once a fundamental cleavage has ranged the powers into two camps, no one can afford to be nice about his allies. In the feverish effort to adjust the balance of power, one picks up

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allies where one can, and one takes one's allies as one finds them. They are worth so many army corps, and their morals do not concern us, unless they interfere with discipline.

All this, the reader may object, is ancient history; we live under a new dispensation. That I am afraid is an unmitigated delusion; we have not emerged from the jungle. The simple historical fact is that at Paris, Europe has been reconstructed, as M. Clemenceau said it must be, on the well-tried "policy of alliances." He has been absolutely straightforward in all he has done, and if Anglo-Saxon liberalism insists on deceiving itself, its work of art will be entirely its own creation. Europe has been built on the basic principle of the military ascendancy of France. Three times over, by the one-sided disarmament of her foe, by the occupation and neutralization of his western provinces, and by the creation of a whole system of alliances, has France insured herself against an impotent Germany. She feels so strong, that she has even ventured to confront her enemy with glaring provocations at every corner of the map, and to enlist against the permanence of the settlement the discontent of millions of Germans subjected to alien rule. Her system has been to build around a disarmed Germany a ring of allied satellite states. Each holds down the maximum number of Germans, Austrians or Hungarians compatible with safety. Each is swollen by the annexation of foreign populations into a dwarf empire. Each is forced by the wrong it is doing to other peoples to lean for support on the ally in the west. From the moment that it wrongs another people, a small state has lost its independence. In all these composite realms conscription prevails, and over the conscript armies, numerous French military missions, ranging from generals to sergeants, preside as commanders and instructors. The very map, with its corridors and connections that defy nationality, has been shaped into a confession of this French strategic plan. Never since the first Napoleon has a scheme of military ascendancy been executed with stricter logic.

The annals of this year already afford proof enough that the morals of the new covenant cannot be mingled with the mechanics of the old dispensation. There is evidence enough that a humane control cannot be imposed upon allies, who understand with their shrewd half-barbarous realism, that Paris counts their bayonets and not their virtues. The Poles repeat their pogroms, secure in the knowledge that the massacre and oppression of Jews will not cost them the loss of one trainload of munitions. They occupied East Galicia and used Haller's army to conquer it against the express command of the Supreme Court: they have been allowed to annex it in permanence as the reward of their defiance. The Rumanians in Hungary offer the most striking example of contumacy. They occupied Budapest against an express order from Paris: they have looted it from house to house according to plan, carrying off the engines from the factories and even the telephones from the houses, while along every country road the cattle, the agricultural machines and the wagon loads of grain stream eastward to enrich the victors. A cordon excludes all food from the starving city, and the prisons are packed with the leaders not merely of socialist but even of liberal thought, while on the walls anti-Semitic posters advertise the politics of the Rumanian censorship. To be sure, the insistence of Mr. Hoover has procured the resignation (apparently only temporary) of the Hapsburg Archduke, but as I write, the Rumanians have not yet in any single particular bowed to the orders of Paris. Why? The semi-official French press informs them daily that their performances meet with its approval. They may be transgressing the ethics of the League, but they have not offended against the canons of the military alliance. Besides, their services may be wanted elsewhere. Germans and Hungarians are not the only enemy. The French military system is constructed to face two fronts and the war against the Russian Bolsheviki has yet to be won. In that campaign a part is assigned to Rumania which she has still to fill. One should not prematurely check her zeal. But there is no need to complete the evidence of the thesis that allies cannot control one another. Let the doubter examine the chronicles of Denikin and the Supreme Ruler of Omsk.

So it will be, in great things as in small, if the League of Nations is built upon the framework of a military alliance. So long as the German Republic and Soviet Russia remain outside the League, so long as we refuse to be "just to those to whom we do not wish to be just," so long as we aggravate the old vendetta of races with the new class war upon socialist states, so long will the conscience of civilization fail in the armed camp to impose its control upon allies. On the weak, we shall occasionally try to impose our control, and not without scandal, we shall fail. The strong will escape even the attempt to control. Our British naval ascendancy will answer at sea the military hegemony of the French in Europe, and no real effort will be made to subject the extreme uses of naval power to the legislation of the League. When it pleases us by a dictated treaty to reduce a Persia to the status of a second Egypt, there will be no one to insist that we shall submit even to the thin formality of receiving a "mandate." The precedent can be used by others. Control will

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fail because we are still living in the atmosphere of the armed peace. We have multiplied dangers, and created bogeys. We have made wantonly the Saar danger, the Danzig danger, the German-Bohemian danger, the lesser perils of Austrian unionism, Tyrolese and Macedonian irredentism, and the continent-wide peril of communism, which must fight because we will not allow it, in peace, to work through its experimental stage to moderation and stability. Against these perils we must have allies, and alliances are intolerant of moral restraints. Their worst effect is, that because the mechanical bond of military reinsurance persuades the ally that in every contingency he is safe, the restraints of common prudence lose their efficacy. The ruling class in France feels itself in its European policy dispensed from the duty of moderation, because the American and British allies are bound by treaty to keep watch upon the Rhine. The Polish, Rumanian and Czecho-Slovak allies are equally absolved from the dictates of conciliation, because the French ally retains a conscript army invincible alike by its numbers and its gallantry. The man who believes that this alliance, disguised as a League of Nations, can really insure fair dealing towards the racial minorities which it sacrificed to strategy at the settlement, has studied the history of alliances to small purpose.

It is hard to believe that any gradual process of revision can amend a European system based on militarist principles logically applied. For my part I look forward within measurable time to its inevitable collapse under the stress of want and revolution. One may clearly see the fatal trend of an historical process, and yet struggle, ere it be too late, to bring about some timely amendments which may conceivably turn the course of events. From our British angle of vision on the edge of this chaos, the changes which might perhaps be decisive, do not seem to be those which have so far focussed attention from the inevitably different American angle. If British labor and the liberal Left had the power, which we are far from commanding, to amend, these are, I think, three initial matters on which we should concentrate. Make peace at once with Russia. Admit Germany without a month's delay to the League. Reject without hesitation or compromise the British and American Treaty of Alliance with France. These three changes in our present situation would leave standing innumerable iniquities for future revision. They would, however, do something to make control and revision possible. They would end the moral state of feud, which threatens in Europe to outlive the legal state of war. They would begin to convert an alliance into a League.

H. N. Brailsford.

On American Philosophy

II William James*

In William James we meet a personality of such titanic proportions and of such powerful appeal to contemporary sentiment that we may well doubt whether the time has come when his work can be adequately estimated. Most American philosophers are still under the personal spell of his rare charm and generosity. It is clear, however, that there is little basis for the popular impression that James's pragmatism is the typical American philosophy. James left few direct disciples or adherents. He was, moreover, by training, sympathy, and association as European as any American could be, and in his philosophy, broadly humanistic considerations certainly play a far greater role than the supposed American practicality of business affairs. The extraordinary vividness of his sympathies and the magic of his burning words have, doubtless, transformed the tone and manner of American philosophic writing; but few students share the popular view that he transformed the very substance of philosophy by bringing it down, in Promethean fashion, from the cold transcendental heights to men's business and bosoms. The extreme orthodox view was boldly put by Howison thus: "Emerson and James were both great men of letters, great writers, yes, great thinkers, if you will, but they do not belong in the strict list of philosophers. Mastery in logic is the cardinal test of the true philosopher, and neither Emerson nor James possessed it."

Whatever may be the value of this criticism it serves to call attention to the distinction between philosophy as technique and philosophy as vision. From the professional point of view it is not sufficient that a man should believe in free will, absolute chance, or the survival of consciousness beyond death. To be worthy of being called a philosopher, one must have a logically reasoned basis for his belief. James was aware of the importance of technique, and was, in fact, extraordinarily well informed as to the substance and main tendencies of all the diverse technical schools. But he was wholly interested in philosophy as a religious vision of life, and he had the cultivated gentleman's aversion for pedantry. His thoughts ran in vivid pictures, and he could not trust logical demonstration as much as his intuitive suggestions. Hence his philosophic writings are extremely rich in the variety of concrete factual

* The substance of this article will appear in the third volume of the Cambridge History of American Literature, published by Putnam's.

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insight, but not in effective answers to the searching criticisms of men like Royce, Russell, and Bradley. James was aware of this and asked that his philosophy be judged generously in its large outlines; the elaboration of details might well be left to the future.

"The originality of William James," says Flournoy, one of his European admirers, "does not appear so much in his cardinal beliefs, which he took from the general current of Christian thought, as in the novel and audacious method by which he defended them against the learned philosophies of his day." This, also, is not true without qualification. James took almost nothing from current Christian philosophy. Nor do any of the great historic Christian doctrines of sin and atonement or salvation find any echo in his thought. Orthodox Christianity would condemn James as a confessed pantheist who denied the omnipotence of God. But though James is far from Christian theology, he gives vivid utterance to the ordinary popular Christianity which believes, not in a God who expresses himself in universal laws, but in a God who will help us against our enemies, whom we can please and even help by our faith in Him. This is due to James's deep sympathy with common experience rather than with the problems of the reflective-minded. But the modern sophisticated intellect is certainly tickled by the sight of a most learned savant espousing the cause of popular as opposed to learned theology, and by the open confession of belief in piecemeal supernaturalism on the basis of spiritistic phenomena. James's antipathy to the Hegelian and Roycean attempts to prove the existence of the Absolute certainly plays a more prominent part in his writings than does his antipathy to popular unbelief. But the method of the absolutist he rejected not only because of its insufferable pretension to finality of proof, but also because it blocks the way of one who prefers an anthropomorphic universe that is tingling with life through and through and is constantly meeting with new adventures.

The union of religious mysticism with biologic and psychologic empiricism is characteristic of James's work from the very beginning. He grew up in a household characterized by liberal culture and mystic Swedenborgian piety. The teacher who made the greatest impression upon him, Louis Agassiz, was a pious opponent of Darwin but a rare master in the art of observing significant details. More than one American naturalist caught the fire of his enthusiasm for fact. The companionship of Chauncey Wright and the writings of Renouvier weaned James from his father's religio-philosophical monism. The empirical way of thought of Hume and Mill proved most congenial to one who was a naturalist and an artist and delighted in the observation of significant detail.

James began his career as a teacher of physiology and gradually drifted into psychology. His Principles of Psychology (2 vols., 1890) contains the substance of his philosophy. Having despite the influence of Agassiz, become converted to Darwinism, he was led to adopt as fundamental the view of Spencer that thought is something developed in the course of evolution and must, therefore, have a biologic function. The great idealistic argument against the old associationist psychology of Hume, Mill, Bain, and Spencer was to the effect that the sensational elements can at most account for the qualities of things, but not for their relations or connections; and when it was once granted that the relations between things were of a non-sensational or non-empirical character, very little of the world was left to the empiricist. James early became convinced of the force of this argument and, following certain suggestions of Peirce, tried to save empiricism by making it more radical, by giving the connecting relations themselves a psychologic status on a par with the things they connect. Thus he thought to restore the fluidity and connectedness of our world without admitting the necessity for the idealists' transcendental glue to keep together the discrete elements of experience. Radical empiricism thus becomes a metaphysic which holds the whole world to be composed of a single stuff called pure experience. This sounds monistic enough, and James's adherence to the view of Bergson re-enforces this impression. Nevertheless, James insisted that the world as experienced does not possess the degree of unity claimed for it by Royce and other monists, but that things are essentially many and their connections often external and accidental.

At this point, however, James's philosophy becomes extremely obscure, for he fails to tell us just exactly what he means by experience. When he speaks of pure experience he certainly means to exclude concepts and logical deduction. Yet as the latter processes somewhat exist and their claims are not altogether denied, the term experience must be stretched to include them also. But when the term experience is thus stretched to include everything the crusade in its favor becomes meaningless for want of opposition.

The exigencies of controversy as well as James's generous desire to give all possible credit to Peirce, lead the public to regard pragmatism and James's philosophy as identical terms. To James, however, pragmatism was but the method of philosophic discussion, the vestibule to his radical empiricism. The controversy, however, which arose about pragmatism enabled James, with the aid

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of Dewey's work in logic, to elaborate from different approaches his account of the nature of truth. The meaning of ideas is to be found in their particular experimental consequences. Abstract ideas are not copies of things but their substitutes or derivatives, evolved in the process of evolution to enable us to deal more adequately with the stream of immediate experience. An idea is therefore true if it enables us to deal satisfactorily with the concrete experiences at which it aims. An idea is said to work satisfactorily if it leads us to expected facts, if it harmonizes with other accepted ideas, if it releases our energies or satisfies emotional craving for elegance, peace, economy, or any kind of utility.

So anxious was James to overthrow the view that the truth of an idea consists in its being an inert copy of reality, so anxious to substitute for it the more activist view that an idea is true if it works or leads to certain results, that he neglected to indicate the relative importance of these results. This led to a great deal of misunderstanding and caused considerable scandal. Those brought up in the scientific tradition and trained to view the emotionally satisfactory consequences of ideas as having nothing to do with their scientific or theoretic value were scandalized by James's doctrine of the will or right to believe anything the acceptance of which made us more comfortable. This was in part a tragic misunderstanding. Most of James's life was a fight against accepting the monistic philosophy simply because of its aesthetic nobility. He rejected it precisely because it was "too buttoned up and white chockered, too clean-shaven a thing to speak for the vast slow-breeding, unconscious cosmos with its dread abysses and its unknown tides." It is true, however, that absorption in the psychologic factor, personal or aesthetic, which actually does make some people prefer a narrowly classic universe and others a generously romantic one, made him obscure the distinction between the causes of belief and the evidence for the truth which we believe. We may all start with a biased or emotional preference, but that is neither evidence nor guarantee of our arriving at scientific truth. Like other violent opponents of intellectualism, James himself falls into the intellectualistic assumption that we must either wholly believe or wholly disbelieve, just as one must either go to church or stay out. He ignores the scientific attitude of suspended judgment and the fact that men may be compelled to act without being constrained in judgment. We may vote for X or Y and yet know that owing to the absence of adequate information our choice has been little more than a blind guess. His interest in vital preferences and his impatience with the emotionally thin air of purely logical argumentation led James towards the end of his life, to the acceptance of the extreme anti-logical view of Bergson that our logical and mathematical ideas are inherently incapable of revealing the real and changing world.

James's interest in philosophy was fundamentally restricted to the psychological aspect of things. He therefore never elaborated any systematic theory of morals, politics, or social organization. His temperamental preference for the novel, the unique, and the colorful re-enforced his traditional American liberalism and made him an extreme individualist. He attached scant value to the organized or fixed channels through which the fitful tides of ordinary human emotion find permanent expression. This shows itself best in his Varieties of Religious Experience (1902). He is interested only in the extreme variations of religious experiences, in the geniuses or aristocrats of the religious life. The religious experience of the great mass, or even of intellectual men like Chief Justice Marshall, who go to church without troubling much about matters of belief, seems to James "second-hand" and does not solicit his attention. Neither does the whole question of ritual or ceremony. He is interested in the beliefs of extraordinary and picturesque individuals. Hence his book on religion tells us almost nothing to explain the spread and the vitality of the great historic religions, Buddhism, Confucianism, Judaism, Islam, and Christianity. The extreme aristocratic individualism, however, is connected with an extraordinary democratic openness and readiness to admit that it is only the blindness in human nature that prevents us from seeing the uniqueness of every individual. Unlike any other philosopher, William James was entirely devoid of pride of the intellect. He was as willing as Jesus of Nazareth to associate with the intellectual publicans and sinners, with the denizens of the intellectual underworld.

James's position in the history of metaphysics is still a matter of debate, but as a seer or prophet he may fitly be put beside Emerson. Like Emerson, he preached and nobly exemplified faith in one's intuition and the duty of keeping one's oracular soul open. In spite of a note of obscurantism in his attitude to logic and "over beliefs" there is no doubt that the main effect of his work was to raise the American standard of intellectual honesty and courage. Let us stop this miserable pretence of having at last logically proved the comforting certainties of our inherited religion. Let us admit that we have no absolute assurance of the complete success of our ideals. But the fight is on. We can all take our part. Shame on the one who sulks and stays out.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

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An American Soldier in Vienna

SINCE returning to the United States last April I find the people desire to know how the A. E. F. feels toward the peace treaty and League of Nations. I can say that the soldier knows little about the peace commission or what it has done; he has had no information except through the Paris edition of the New York Herald, Chicago Tribune and Lord Northcliffe's Daily Mail. These papers published nothing but condensed censored conclusions; of the reasons and conditions which led to them we knew nothing. I desire, therefore, to offer my impressions which are the result of travelling in middle Europe during January, February and March, 1919, coming in contact with the Allied delegates and the actual conditions. I speak as a member of the A. E. F., having, upon completion of the first Officers' Training Camp, gone to France, where I remained for nineteen months, ten of which were served with the machine guns of our First Division.

These last two years seem clearly unrolled before me, a series of unforgettable memories always vivid. At training camp and during the long winter of 1918-19, in the little muddy streets of St. Joire, certain great principles, some call them ideals, began to take form; material and realistic ideals they were; ideals that grew stronger because of the foundations they were built upon: that is, a background of the actual suffering that I saw.

It was impossible to volunteer without knowing why. What actuated me most was to end all wars. Germany began a commercial war. The Allied peoples responded with a patriotism which showed me that we were fighting a peoples' war and that the peace would be a just peace, bringing a new era, when those who had offered their lives would justify the sacrifice. Then a great leader came, one who spoke for the proletariat, and the world recognized his principles; longingly accepted his fourteen points, and laid down their arms. He spoke of disarmament, open covenants, openly arrived at; the lifting of censorship behind which we were powerless to form an opinion; a new internationalism so that the peoples of each country would not be played against each other through the control of a few individuals. Then followed two months during which we heard nothing. The peace commission was organized—another month and we heard that it was "progressing favorably." We waited for the experts to work out the fourteen points in practical detail.

Time passed quickly in Paris. The city was gay, thousands of flags, hundreds of taxis. Prices went up and up, and always the cafes were crowded—eating, drinking, singing. It was good to live, to give way to mad relaxation.

January 19, 1919, I stood in the office of the American Mission in Vienna. Below me was the Grabenplatz, drab and squalid. Well-dressed women in furs brushed by others shivering in ragged shawls; immaculate officers from fifteen nations passed crumpled heaps of dirty uniforms crouching in doorways. Suddenly an aeroplane whirred overhead and a shower of leaflets sifted down to the platz. Men and boys came together in knots, pushing and pulling, hands stretched up toward the fluttering papers. Those leaflets! They were interesting from many points of view. On them was the trudging silhouette of a burly German with a heavy helmet and in his limp, long arm a rifle and bayonet. Above his sinister head were the words "Dispel those shadows." How often I have thought of those words.

Before me was St. Stephen's Cathedral; to the left was the Graben; but in front of me how strange this Grabenplatz; how strange this Vienna, strange even to itself! I went down to the streets. My first impression was, how well dressed the people were. The reason was soon told by the shop windows. Silks and furs were in abundance but no woolens or cottons. The jewelry stores were all open, prices high, yet their sales were good. The cafes and restaurants were crowded. Several theatres were running and seats were difficult to obtain at the opera. All this, and money had dropped to one-fourth its value. In the opera I understood, when I glanced down at the boxes filled with heavy, coarse women who threw up their hands in horror at the mere mention of war, hands heavy with earthly riches; profiteers, moneyed interests which caused this war; people whose patriotism has never wavered, who preen themselves now with a feeling of security, walking out from the opera to their limousines, heads high, unmindful of those who stared from the sidewalk. While some struggle to exist, a few struggle to more than exist and suppose that they can ignore those desperate faces of men who sacrificed a material world because they trusted blindly in those who led them. Each day I was prouder of being an American, prouder of our ideals, prouder of the part President Wilson must play at the peace conference, proud that we will want nothing but a more just world, a world in which governments will hear the people, and

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Wall Streets will not gamble with men's bread. But a twinge of bitterness came over me when I learned that here in Vienna there were American citizens, and they too had profiteered.

But it was of the other thousands in Vienna that I was thinking; the men who had gone to the front; the men who had worked in the factories and made possible the continuance of war. They had forced the old regime to flee. They had elected their president; now through the long winter they patrolled the streets wearing red and white arm bands of their Republic and kept order. The blockade was cutting them off from the world. They were at the mercy of Paris. "Dispel those shadows." Each sallow face seemed to be repeating this phrase. Hope was all that was left. Mr. Wilson was hope. His picture was in the windows, his books in German were on the book stands, and his fourteen points were displayed conspicuously. It was so obvious what the peace commission would do that no one questioned it.

Here in Vienna was all that remained of Austria; thousands of men, women and children starving; dying; walking the streets penniless; no work was to be had; the government and the people waiting, waiting for a word from Paris; all that came to us was that the peace commission was "progressing favorably." Day after day we heard that. It was exasperating. It was inconceivable that hundreds should die each week without fighting. I was astonished at the lack of violence in Vienna throughout those weeks; and the obvious policy of Paris was so plain that its neglect was criminal. Lift the blockade. Allow the idle coal of Czecho-Slovakia a few miles north to come in, that industry might be renewed, and that the trains might run and bring the actual surplus food of the country districts to the cities. Each day hundreds went out from Vienna returning in the evening with packs of food on their backs, but thousands of poor could not buy railroad tickets. You will say the remedy was not as simple as that, that there were countless other difficulties. Then, I ask the peace commission, why during all the weeks they allowed 24,000 tons of American flour consigned to Vienna to lie untouched on the docks of Trieste? This is but one example. Why did the peace commission neglect the advice of those whom they sent to investigate these countries? This I soon found out.

On February 22nd I was again in Paris. I read the Paris papers in a vain endeavor to discover what the peace conference was doing. By the terms of the armistice our enemies were crippled. Were we afraid they would fight again? Ask any man who was at the front, when the armistice was signed, whether the Germans had had enough. No, Northcliffe to the (vehement) contrary, the Germans would not resume hostilities. Then why was the public reading censored political news? I soon learned. Each day I read about middle Europe. I scarcely recognized the events and conditions which had taken place in front of my eyes a few days before, so contorted were they, to form a suitable background for subsequent decisions of the peace conference. Whose hand was playing M. Clemenceau as it chose? I found the ready answer from all Frenchmen and I asked many. It was the Paris bankers, the capital of Rothschild and others. Always, the French added, that they were not the only ones; American and English capital was with these financiers. I do not say that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Wilson were openly influenced by direct pressure of the moneyed interests, but I do know that if the Big Five had acted upon disinterested advice their policy would not have been inaction, and we would not now be confronted by such disorder in middle Europe, and untold suffering would have been spared. Behind the screen of inaction, Allied capital spread its network of monopoly and forced the money of these countries down and down. The diplomats knew how the situation should have been handled but they refused to do it. The resignation of nine American experts should tell something. When business relations are resumed we shall feel what capital has done.

The first of March I returned to Vienna. The same quiet Vienna. Several restaurants where I had ordered cakes, meats and vegetables had now nothing but coffee. At the Bristol Hotel I obtained bread but once a day; dark, coarse bread, and bitter. Those on the streets were fortunate to get any at all. The city depressed me. Sallow faces among the well dressed; pinched faces among the poor. I have seen the expressions of men coming out of a four or five day "show" in the line; I have seen the expressions of hundreds of refugees along the roads of France, but the saddest human expressions I have ever seen were the wounded Austrian soldiers and their families begging in the gutters of Vienna.

The latter part of March I left Vienna for Washington. Again I was proud that I was an American; proud that our President should have told the world in his fourteen points what millions of others and I had fought for. All the world was looking to him. I carried several petitions from the peasants to him asking for the right of self-determination, that they might never again be exploited and their lives played off against their neighbors'.

I passed Franz Joseph's palace. Its bleak emptiness seemed a memory of other days. Then suddenly I returned to the reality of the present as we

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passed five horses on the way to the station too weak from want of food to go on, left in the streets to die. Still the blockade; still industry was crippled; still there were bread lines which formed at daylight and never ended. The Red Cross was getting a little milk and necessaries in each week, but the Austrian trains were practically at a stand still for lack of coal. That was the Austria I left. Still there remained to them hope through President Wilson. I returned to Paris thinking of the peace treaty and the day when Europe's "shadows would be dispelled."

Paris was nervous, restless. Everywhere French and English asked me if America was behind Mr. Wilson; what the strength of Lodge's opposition was. So this was the country I was returning to from stricken Europe; a country which made politics out of the great principles for which we went to the trenches. The governments of England and France could not rely on their armies of occupation; without the moral support of America, Europe would not tolerate an unjust treaty. We looked to Mr. Wilson and all Paris knew he could force a fair settlement.

It is only now that I write all this, because I cannot sit back and see the principles which millions have fought for sold to capital. Nations are suffering. The world is desperate. The war has been in vain, unless we keep on striving for this new era in which the people will not be kept blind and dumb by treachery of capitalistic diplomacy explained by the capitalistic press. We have seen the peace treaty creating Alsace-Lorraines; we have heard Lloyd George boast of the expansion of the British Empire through this treaty; we have seen Mr. Wilson sacrifice all his principles for a League of Nations; we have heard this League laughed at in the House of Commons; we have seen M. Clemenceau shatter the very foundation of the League by his alliance which does not recognize any authority of the League in case of "unprovoked" attack. Mr. Wilson has done one commendable thing. He has demonstrated what could be done when the public is allowed to form an opinion,—and M. Orlando soon fell.

Mr. Wilson has sold us. The politicians of the world have sold their peoples. This is the last war I will ever enter. The diplomats of the Allies have had the opportunity to bring about a new era. Any policies that may follow which bring us into another war will not be the fault of the peoples who will then be called upon to fight that war. The great mass of workers by hand and by brain realize their power. Without their support there can be no wars. There will be hundreds of others like myself who will be willing to devote their lives to the bringing about of principles which we have seen trampled upon by Five Men working secretly. There is coming an internationalism, when the masses will elect governments which will not be run by capital, and which will at last bring about the realization of the fourteen points. There will come honest Americans who have the courage of their convictions. Labor will no longer be ruled by a subsidized Gompers, and his regime will no longer hold sway as it did in Atlantic City. There will be a new force in American politics. There will be a labor party led by those who have not forgotten why thousands in France gave their lives.

Two statements will be an undying incentive to those of us who will carry on this task. They are the official words of the American Secretary of State—that it was "incompatible with public interest to publish the peace treaty" and that "the fourteen points were never discussed at the Paris Conference." We know what war is. We have seen what war means. We saw the trenches in 1917 as soon as our President allowed us, and we shall continue that work, begun there, until the last vestige of this dishonorable treaty has disappeared. WILLIAM O. P. MORGAN.

The Sage of Shantung

WITH the making of the peace treaty Shantung has become a household word. What it says to people who have not crossed the yellow, dusty, treeless plains of the province, or acquired merit by climbing her sacred mountain, the Tai-Shan, or going a pilgrimage to the grave of her Worthy, I wonder? Just another possession lost to Germany, another argument against Japan, another unsatisfactory clause in the treaty of nations. For nobody shows the slightest curiosity concerning Shantung's history or individuality. Even the Sunday supplements pass her by without a picture, with only a map to show Kiao-Chau and the Tsingtao-Tsinanfu railway. Yet in the blank space south of Tsinanfu lies the beautiful Tai-Shan country and farther south still, some six miles from the little station of Chufu, the grave of Confucius. Nearer than this Prince Lu, seventy-third in descent from the Sage, would not permit the Germans to build their brand new railway.

The really important fact about Shantung, as the Japanese very well know, is not mines or railways or fortresses, but Confucius. Shantung is the ancient province of Lu, well ruled and philosophized three thousand years or so ago, from which Japan took her old civilization, as today she is borrowing modern technique from us. It is the land not only where Confucius lived but from

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which his grave still rules China. Fabulous, it seems, this grave cherished and tended now year after year for twenty-five hundred years, unbelievably romantic to us occidentals who find Confucius of all classic formalists the most dry as dust. But the moment you land on the Bund at Shanghai, English, French and German as the nations have tried to make it, you realize the superiority to the crowd moving there that Confucius has bred in his race. They have vastly more personality than the other nations, from the tatterdemalions in pigtails, blue patches, and glass earrings who look like intellectuals on our side of the world—China is, perhaps, the whole case for the intellectuals and, also, against them—to the Confucian gentlemen dressed in the puce and sage-green prescribed by the Classics and "earnest, urgent, benign of countenance" as is likewise laid down in the Four Books. They look, in fact, the Chinese, as though they were all sages, as though they all knew all about everything, all about other men that would be in Confucian phrase; as though they were perpetually present at the comedy of human life which, truly enough, they have been playing longer than any other nation going. They show their age —that is their charm. They are seasoned through and through, but with the wisdom of this world, not of Heaven. That perhaps is their weakness. The Master said little about Heaven. He was preoccupied with the duties due men and would never talk about spiritual beings. True wisdom, he repeatedly advised, lies in respecting them while keeping aloof from them. On the other hand, human beings, no matter how young and humble they might be, invariably interested him. Said he: "Of all people, girls and servants are the most difficult to behave to. If you are familiar with them, they lose their humility. If you maintain reserve towards them, they are discontented." Chinese servants must have greatly improved since the Confucian period; at least modern times cannot parallel their excellence. As to Chinese girls, it is not safe to commit oneself concerning the girls of any nation, but they look discreet and slim and fair as flowers under their fringes of black hair, and gay as flowers, too, in their little pink and blue and violet coats buttoned straight up to their chins.—The Master gave a great deal of attention to dress, in particular to the cut of the coat.—And they grow into handsome, competent women, clad in black satin, who "receive everyone as if they were receiving a great guest," and possess the dignified ease without pride praised in the Analects. But the self-possession of all China is perpetually amazing to the occidental who when in anger acts before she reflects on the difficulties into which her anger may bring her; and when in ignorance admits she does not know with a recklessness that to the Chinese only shows want of breeding. "How uncultivated you are, Yu!" exclaimed Confucius. "A superior man in regard to what he does not know, shows a cautious reserve."

To save one's face on every occasion in life is the first tenet of Confucianism, to keep up appearances though the Heavens fall, or as China puts it, "though men take no note of you." Confucius had, of course, the cult for the correct, natural to the classical temperament, the sense for style that led him absurdly to over-estimate that old benefactor Kwan Chung: "But for him we should now be wearing our hair unbound and the lappets of our coats buttoning on the left side." And his preoccupation with etiquette quite shocks our western ideal of true Wisdom. It smacks of the fin de siècle aesthete for him so thoroughly to enjoy "changing his countenance as he passed the vacant place of the Prince" and to make it a point of propriety as he walked about the little town of Chufu "to look simple and sincere and as though he were afraid to speak." Moreover, he gave so much of his mind to dress as has no moralist of standing with us, unless it be Addison with his tea-table philosophy. "Over lamb's wool, he wore a garment of black, over fawn's fur one of white, over fox's fur one of yellow." Equally well on suitable occasion he could eschew luxury and practice the regimen of the perfect sage: "Coarse rice to eat, water to drink, and a bended arm for a pillow." Confucius had all the old world, not to say other side of the world, interested in the game of good manners for its own sake and, also, the old world leisure to play it. But "the elegant regulations" were more to him than this. They were a living passion. By them he believed the character is established. Good form without makes a man of complete virtue within. "Where the proprieties and music do not flourish"—like other antique philosophers Confucius trusted much to music—"Where the proprieties and music do not flourish," he said, "punishments will not be properly awarded."

"To subdue oneself in order to return to propriety," is the Confucian cure for every ill, not to take the initiative in setting the world right. No, "he who is not in any particular office has nothing to do with the plans for the administration of its duties." Confucius it was who preached against cooperation to the Chinese until they have not enough public spirit left to keep up the highway that runs in common before their own door and their neighbor's. He who taught them, "When bad government prevails in the state to roll up their principles and keep them in their own breast."

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The very human cry of pain that breaks even the composure of the superior man when he is denied his place in the sun, he represses with "I will not be afflicted with men not knowing me. I will be afflicted at not knowing men." This in the second year of the war one might have heard a Chinese minister in the Christian chapel hard by Chufu echoing to his flock of pigtails: "The Japanese want this province of Shantung and will probably take it. If they do we shall regret it deeply but we must submit. No doubt they will refuse to learn Chinese because it is such a difficult language but that need not trouble us, we can learn Japanese." And just the other day apropos the peace treaty a Chinese woman wrote: "We must be patient and we must work incessantly."

Patience and incessant toil, submission, caution, self-repression, the will to understand other men but not to unite or to contend with them, simply to seek self-perfection, this is a strange, sad, unsocial philosophy for a great people to practice upwards of three thousand years. Probably the Sage himself hardly expected to be taken quite so literally, for one day when he was informed that Chih Wan in obedience to his pronouncement "the cautious never err," thought thrice and then acted, he commented: "Twice will do." His wit, however, was so little understood by his disciples that he was obliged to explain "twice" to be sufficient for the man who like Chih Wan was by nature over-cautious. From which and like occasions, it seems, Confucius might have taken warning to humanize his doctrine generally for a conscientious and very matter of fact people. Instead, he further imposed a respect for antiquity and ancestral authority more inhibiting than all the rest. He commended that great example of filial-piety "the King who never changed the ministers of his father, nor his father's mode of government," and he assured them they had only "to perform the funeral rites of parents and to follow them when long gone with ceremonies and sacrifices for the virtue of the people to resume its proper excellence." Wherefore China lies a country prone under the dead hand. Everywhere in meadows and gardens, on the hills, along the canals and roads and rivers, rise the mounds, the pagodas, and temples, stand, in fact, the coffins of the dead; and everybody is too preoccupied with funerals, mournings, offerings to ancestors, posthumous titles and honors to hold China's own in the world of the living. One sometimes wonders, studying men's motives according to the Sage's own precept if the superior man "who does not like to be forgotten after death" planned all this in order to keep his own grave green beyond mortal limit; if thus the rationalist who puts no great faith in Heaven sought immortality on earth. Thereby, in any case, he has turned all China into a monument for himself more lasting than bronze or marble.

Not that worldly splendor is wanting to that grave in Shantung! The grave itself is just a great Chinese mound of a grave, overgrown with moss and wild flowers and trees that shade it at will, marked by a modest altar, and guarded by the empty tent of the disciple who mourned the Master twice the three years prescribed by propriety. You reach it by a humble path through unkempt grass, but a winding path. China approaches nothing important without the ceremony of circumlocution. Indeed Confucius himself praised "the man who in walking never takes a short cut." But this simplicity is the affectation of magnificence which was Confucius's true religion, this humility just the etiquette of great pride. Beyond the little path stand ceremonial animals, beautiful stone tigers and a milder mythical beast called Lu; then pink ceremonial gates with yellow tiled roofs, Chinese straight sloping roofs tilted upward at the corners with ineffable grace and the Confucian feeling for style; next pink pavilions in which Imperial Personages through the ages have set up honorific tablets on the backs of marble tortoises; and alongside the pavilions runs an avenue of cedars also ages old. Moreover, in a vast enclosure about the Sage lie buried his descendants for the seventy-three generations that span time from his day to ours. It is a fabulous graveyard, such as no other man has ever had made in his honor. Nor is this all. In the little town of Chufu on the spot where Confucius lived and taught his disciples, in the happy outdoor fashion of other ancient philosophers, under a plum tree, stands his temple, a great pink and garnet pavilion bordered with blue and green and violet and gold, its yellow roofs, the yellow sacred to Confucius and royalty, resting on the handsomest dragon carved pillars in the empire and marched along by processions of tiny animals whose symbolism only a sinologue could explain, but whose grotesque charm to Western eyes goes Gothic one better. It stands on a great terrace bordered by triple balustrades carved into vases of marble flowers, ascended by triple staircases emblazoned with phoenixes and more dragons, and before it stretches a vast courtyard planted with cedars and enclosed by pink walls. Pink walls, old cedars, yellow roofs! These always to Confucius. For this temple is only the pattern of Confucian temples throughout all China in which incense has been burned to the Sage by the seventy-three generations.

Seventy-three more will have to pass before the incense is all snuffed out, before the grave of Con-

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fucius falls into neglect, and his elegant pacifism which has so much of pride and love of the world as well as of intellectual superiority mixed with it, loses its hold on the instincts of the Chinese. Meanwhile, though a kind of poetical justice sends Japan with her slogan of modern progress to overtake the Sage in his own province, China must be protected from her faults for the sake of the great qualities of mind and character which she owes equally, when all is said, to Confucius. In especial, Japan who turns into capital everything that comes to hand is not to be trusted in Shantung. A people who have taken over the rising sun for their symbol would not scruple to make a national asset of Confucius himself. And nothing is so Chinese as Confucius, no land so much China's own from the beginning to the end of time as Shantung.

LUCY MARTIN DONNELLY.

The Awful Transgressions of Mr. Bullitt

. . . . . and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life . . . . . and they were judged every man according to their works.—*Revelation*, XX, 12.13.

THE court was choked with cases that had accumulated from 1914 to 1918, but at last there was a sigh of relief at a disagreeable duty completed. American officials whose memoirs were written for them were disposed of, and the turn of the peace conference had come. Both small and great arrived before the seat, and with them one on whom two heads of governments, a Secretary of State, and the editor of the Times, cast very dark glances. His name was Bullitt. It was said he had committed the unpardonable sin. The old hands among the witnesses noticed that those two who had been heads of states were much concerned as to the order in which judgment was rendered. They seemed to think that if Bullitt could be thoroughly damned first, their own chances would be brighter. Had it not been said that the first shall be last and the last shall be first, they asked, never at a loss for the correct phrase.

But logic and chronology prevailed here as they had not prevailed on certain editorial pages. The heads of states came first, and in the revealing candor of that presence Mr. David Lloyd George plead:

> From the Welsh mountains I went down a lover of liberty, and against bitter odds through long years I fought the battle of the weak and the oppressed. They had raised a ladder for me which reached almost but not quite to the very top. Standing on its last rung I could converse clearly with those who were securely on the top. They put out their hands to lift me up. I seized one which happened to belong to an editor, and as he pulled me up he gave a little twist which forced me to kick away the ladder up which I had climbed. I brought up with me energies that I had acquired below, and even Mr. Bullitt will admit that I did very well for a time. But of course the others on top had no intention of letting me stay there forever, and if I was to remain by my own strength it was necessary for me to turn again to those below. This I proceeded to do and we had what is called a General Election.
>
> As I am no longer in politics I can now speak the truth about that election. It was a God-forsaken spiritual debauch, and even now I find it painful to remember the promises I made. They undid me. I lost the respect of those who would help me and won the support of those who did not trust me. At times I remembered the hills from which came my strength; and in dreams saw myself the champion of that new world I had promised those splendid fellows I now see assembled here in such large numbers to hear my confession. I saw a kinder world at moments, but across it always was printed in tremendous letters some terrible sentence from the Daily Mail. Good Lord, what shivers those sentences gave me. Try if you can to understand how I hate to be blasphemed. I am here now to confess: I broke my solemn promise to all the world, the living and the heroic dead, and helped to scotch the hopes of men. I did it to be sure at the expense of the enemy, whose crimes you have already judged so adequately, but fearing that you would not be thorough about it I added something of my own for good measure. That was not accounted wrong in my day and generation except by the cranks. I also made war against and helped starve a great people writhing in agony, and though I agreed with Mr. Bullitt and would myself gladly have made peace, I could not bear those dreadful newspaper articles and the frightful things Winston Churchill would have said. Frankly, I have done much that is evil.
>
> But I offer in extenuation the fact that I have observed the proprieties. Mr. Bullitt, I beg to state, ignored them entirely. . . . .

Then the other head of a state spoke:

> In the very tragical hours which I have suffered for mankind as a whole, I have felt myself the servant of a cause that was greater than myself. It was my high privilege to speak what they thought, though not always to think what they said. To me was intrusted a series of sacred duties among which, if I recall correctly, were speaking the heart of mankind, listening to the heartbeat of mankind, searching out the heart of the matter, greeting every one heartily, expressing my heartfelt thanks for the hearty reception accorded me everywhere, and preventing the heart of mankind from breaking. I had also the sacred duty of getting by somehow. In my great task I was ably assisted by

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many men. Very ably. Never having permitted their ability to be seriously tested, may I not say their ability is beyond question?

You who have had some slight experience in governing the universe will appreciate the occasional predicaments caused by impetuous young men who take themselves too seriously and their leaders not seriously enough. I admit the predicaments. I admit that I was on the very outer edge of technical truthfulness when I told Senator Johnson I have never heard of those very importunate secret treaties. The secret as he should have known was the secret of Polichinelle, but his culture is not quite equal to the allusion. So I shall not follow the baneful example of Mr. Lloyd George. I did well. I did better than I expected. I am blameless.

I offer nothing in extenuation, but I insist that I have observed all the proprieties of the Quai d'Orsay and Downing Street. Even that little matter of Fiume was what they call so delightfully a calculated indiscretion. Mr. Bullitt, I beg to state, ignored the proprieties entirely. . . . .

When the Secretary of State's turn came commiseration could be seen on every face. He was not asked to plead, and judgment was delivered at once. It combined justice with mercy, and both with profound understanding. It was decreed that he should be born again and given his first chance on earth.

Then the editor began his plea. He, it appeared, had specialized in proprieties all his life, and began a long and intricate discussion of the exact sum of money which qualified a man to speak with authority in such matters. "On my bent shoulders," he sobbed, "has been the burden of defending civilization against all that was young, all that was fresh, and most of what was generous in human life. Most of these propositions I did not understand, but one or two friends of mine, the right sort of people, saved me from all worry. 'Whenever you see an aspiration, whenever a hope raises its head, soak it,' they advised me, and that with unfailing regularity I did. It is not true that I listened to my master's voice. I have greater titles than that. I was my master's voice. Isn't that a real success for a man who was not born to the purple?

"Mr. Bullitt, I believe, belongs by birth and social position to those whom I may now proudly call us, but I beg to state that he ignored the proprieties entirely. . . ."

When Bullitt's turn came he could not be found, but at last he was discovered down below. He had left the court rather bored with the discussion. He was not yet concerned about the Last Judgment because he happened to be still on earth and very much alive.

I. M. P.

Foundry Workers

Brown faces twisted back
Into an ecstasy of tight resistance;
Eyes that are huge sweat-drops
Unheeded by the struggle underneath them—
Throughout the night you stagger under walls
Where life is squeezed to squealing bitterness.
Beneath your heaving flash of limbs
Your thoughts are smashed to a dejected trance
And you are swept, like empty mites,
Into a glistening frenzy of motion.

Yet, on a Sunday afternoon
I have seen you straightening your backs with slow smiles;
Walking through the streets
And patiently groping for lost outlines.
Your lips were placid bruises
Almost fearing to relax.
And often out upon some green
Your legs swung themselves into long lost shapes.

Perhaps upon your death-beds
You will lift your hands, with a wraith of grace,
Showing life a last, weak curve
Of the rhythm he could not kill.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

Sipperyana's Washday

Stooping, straightening and reaching high
To pin a flannel shirt upon a zig-zag line,
Her squat, fat body snug encased
In a scant pink skirt and narrow yellow waist
She reaches soapy arms to the hot blue sky
Where the great white bubble clouds lazily lie.

The wind comes tauntingly, puffs up the shirt
Which waves long arms and swells a boasting chest,
Sipperyana watches with her soap-flecked hands
Upon her rocking hips; her waist expands,
Her bare flat feet stamp up the sandy dirt
And rolling, puffing, she dances with the shirt.

EDA LOU WALTON.

Mesquite

Withes of heat wind tense
Around the throat of Life,
Strangling, and bear it down
Traceless into bitter desert sand.
Mesquite—a contorted struggle,
A thorny thrust of life
Into death and aridness,
A pugnacious naked green,
With a snarling line of limb,
Thorns, bitterness, individuality—
Stabs back the yellow desert death
For a sand-swept hour.
Private Briley chopped mesquite
For the two cooks, expertly.
"It is gnarled,
Tough, with a red heart," he said.

BAKER BROWNELL.

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A COMMUNICATION

How Intervention Looks to the Mexicans

FOR several months the leading papers in Mexico City have made a point of keeping in touch with affairs in the United States. They have alert correspondents in New York who cable translations of all important matter pertaining to Mexico. Ambassador Bonillas sends a daily telegraphic report to his government of what is said in Congress and in the press, and this also is furnished the Mexico City papers.

As a result the people of Mexico are well advised of the persistent propaganda in this country in favor of armed intervention. The threat made by our Secretary of State of a "radical change of policy" puzzled and alarmed them. When soon afterward a troop of cavalry accompanied by airplanes was sent into Mexico in pursuit of bandits, the impression naturally followed that intervention had begun. Only in this way could they explain the words and acts of our government.

Now, in spite of all the talk about their raiding across our border, their confiscation of our properties, their love of Germany and hatred of us, the Mexicans greatly dread a conflict with the United States. They continually speak of it as a "menace," a possible "calamity," a "disaster." They cherish no illusions as to the relative strength of the two countries. Yet they hold any Mexican traitor who is not ready to fight, even in a losing struggle, and to fight to the death. This is the gist of the speeches made at two public meetings held in Mexico City on Sunday of the week our troops were in Mexico. One was called by an influential political party,* the other by leading professional men of the capital.

At the same time those in attendance on these meetings agreed that everything possible ought to be done to avert an armed conflict. Both asked by formal vote that Congress hurry forward the framing of a petroleum law, and that the said law make a point of enacting that Article 27 of the new constitution is not retroactive, thus guaranteeing all legitimate property rights. The general feeling apparently was that while nothing humiliating ought to be done or agreed to, all real cause for complaint on the part of Americans having interests in Mexico should be removed.

Both meetings also, by formal vote, asked the President of Mexico to publish all correspondence between his government and that of the United States in regard to the various matters in controversy. One of them urged that the Senate appoint an investigating committee; another that a commission be sent to the United States with the purpose of bringing before the "intellectuals" there the real situation in Mexico, and explaining to them the true sentiments of the Mexican people toward their neighbor country.

During the excitement which arose over the pursuit by American cavalry of bandits in Mexican territory many individuals and groups throughout the country took occasion to send messages to President Carranza assuring him of their adhesion and support. In fact the episode came to be quite a unifying influence. The opponents and critics of the President have agreed to postpone their activities, and the two houses of Congress show a disposition to stop playing at politics and give their attention to needed legislation. The present Congress, which passed from a special to a regular session on September 1, is more favorable to Carranza than that which preceded it. But even now there is so much of jealousy as to the respective prerogatives of the Executive and the Legislature that both houses rather take pleasure in balking his plans. In view of the troubles he has had, first with the Constitutional Convention and later with two successive Congresses, the popular notion which blames Carranza with everything that has happened in Mexico is not without humor. As well hold Wilson to account for Lodge or Fall.

When the American troops crossed the river, the Mexico City papers printed the news with great headlines. Everybody jumped to the conclusion that it was a formal invasion and meant war. Early one morning at one of the stands in the market, a woman was reading aloud to a group who had come to buy provisions. A few men were in it, but mostly it was women—poor women. At the news of impending war they began to weep. Nobody knows better what war means than the Mexican woman. But as the reading went on and the danger to their country was set forth, they began to dry their eyes on their rebozos, and one of them said angrily, amid general approval, "If the Yankees come, we women will fight too."

These two extremes, the "intellectuals" in their Sunday meeting and the poor women in the market place, seem fairly representative of Mexican sentiment. It is practically unanimous in the resolve to make a bitter fight against foreign aggression. There are probably a few tepid patriots who would welcome a protectorate. There were in 1847 when we invaded Mexico, and again in 1864 when the French Emperor intervened. But the masses of the people, while deprecating the fate which should thrust them into an unequal conflict are set in their determination to fight. They will resist as one orator put it, till their country is destroyed rather than see it handed over to alien control.

J. B. WINTON.

* Action of the Partido Liberal Constitutionalista and Related Groups; Taken at a Public Meeting, Mexico City, August 24, 1919.
Resolved :

1. To urge on Congress that as among the subjects it has pending it give preference to legislation in regard to petroleum and other matters involved in Article 27 of the constitution. At all costs this law should recognize rights previously acquired, whether by Mexicans or others, and declare that no provision of the said Article is retroactive.

2. That there should be introduced in one of the houses of Congress and pushed through to enactment a law providing indemnities for damages suffered by reason of the revolution, since the present law does not command popular confidence and is evidently defective.

3. That by means of special legislation a fund be cre-

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ated to cover these claims for damages, and that once the amount of them is adjudicated, they be counted as a part of the national debt.

4. That Congress be requested to advise the Congress of the United States of these laws when passed, as a proof that Mexico extends the fullest possible protection to the legitimate rights and interests of foreigners.

5. To urge upon the Senate that it request the President to furnish full information of all negotiations he has had with the government of the United States in regard to the various causes of the present strained relations between the two countries. Also that it secure a complete list of all Mexicans killed or wounded in the United States during the last six years.

6. To secure action by Congress urging the President to publish all correspondence with the United States since 1915 with regard to outrages on Mexican citizens in the United States and on Americans in Mexico. This will serve to quiet the national alarm and will enable the Senate to aid more adequately the Executive in connection with his weighty responsibilities.

CORRESPONDENCE

Smoke Blue Label Cigars!

SIR: Victory for the striking cigar-makers means better working conditions. Better working conditions mean better cigars. So it is not only a question of wages and hours that is involved in the strike of 22,000 men and women. The health of every cigar-smoker is closely bound up with the demands of the strikers who are now facing the third month of their fight.

The principal demands of the strikers are recognition of the union, a 44-hour week, uniform bill of prices based upon a 50 per cent increase, establishment of shop committees and sanitary working conditions.

Every smoker at one time or another has caught glimpses of cigar makers at work that have aroused suspicions as to the cleanliness of the product. As a rule these suspicions have been quieted by the comforting reflection that such matters are in the hands of the Federal and State officials. The fact that so great a number of workers have downed tools with a pitiably small war chest behind them and have included in their demands one for ordinary decency of surroundings and methods of work is a severe indictment of the vigilance of our health officials. The revelation of the lack of social consciousness on the part of the majority of the cigar-manufacturers is too obvious for comment.

An average wage of $18 to $20 a week and a working day of from 10 to 11 hours is sufficient indication of a sweated industry. But add thereto overcrowded, ill-ventilated rooms where toilet facilities are for the most part lacking and where even water for mixing of gum used in the tinseling of a cigar is rarely supplied and you have a picture of conditions from which these ordinarily submissive workers are at last revolting.

There is little that is sensational in this strike. The workers are mainly of Spanish or Bohemian descent and, although they have the support of the American Federation of Labor, their struggle has received but little notice outside of the foreign language papers. The spirit of the strikers is exceptionally fine. They have held together with remarkable solidarity. Several large independent factories have already agreed to the union's demands. It is at this time that the manufacturers prepare for the Christmas trade and if the workers are able to hold out for a few weeks to come they are almost certain to win. A knowledge that at least some part of the public understands and sympathizes with their revolt against unspeakable conditions will go a long way toward strengthening their determination. A union-made cigar by the way bears a blue label.

CHARLES RECHT,
Attorney for General Strike Committee.

New York City.

Rough Stuff

SIR: Ex-Sgt. McMorrow has my sympathy. He should know that such stuff as he gets off, though rather rough on his outfit, is extremely so on himself and as testimony is not valuable. And hasn't ex-Pvt. Pease been a reporter at some time?

Anyhow I will bet new lots with your entire staff that you won't get anything of the sort out of real doughboys who have seen action with good divisions. There was a comradeship there that at least approximated that of the French.

Also they have their caste system. And as their general level of intelligence and courtesy is rather higher than ours —theirs is more palatable. But it is there just the same.

In most armies it is not a major system at all but only an inescapable by-product of the system that breeds discipline. And every good soldier knows that only well-disciplined outfits do well in action.

We had many good divisions in the A. E. F. and some not so good; these latter were badly officered and consequently discontented and ill-disciplined. How can we avoid such in the future? By seeing that all of our commissioned personnel thoroughly understand and can apply the doctrine set forth in the first chapter of the Manual for Chief of the Platoon taken from the French edition of 1917.

K. H. OGLE,
Ex-Capt. 165th Inf.

Linton, Indiana.

America or Prussia?

SIR: Apropos of the discussion of the caste system as practiced in the American army during the war, I should like to tell you of a circumstance which nearly caused revolt among the soldiers stationed at Le Havre, where I served with the exalted rank of corporal in the Transportation Corps.

A major, a captain and a second lieutenant were under arrest on charges of misappropriation of government property and theft of valuable articles from other officers' baggage entrusted to their care in their official capacity as transportation officers. They were assigned private rooms in an officers' barracks where they had comfortable beds and the best of food. Each afternoon during the interval between the arrests and the trials, a period of about four weeks, they were allowed to walk about the city for three hours, ostensibly for exercise. Every enlisted man they encountered during these daily promenades, although perfectly familiar with the ignominious character of the charges and the conclusiveness of the evidence, was obliged to render the salute, and would have been punished on the ground of disrespecting "officers and gentlemen" if he had failed to render it!

At the same time enlisted men charged with such relatively harmless offences as A. W. O. L., disorderly conduct and overstaying passes were confined at hard labor in a

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prison camp, and, to add to the stigma, were forbidden to salute any officer who came near them, being considered, under military law, in disgrace and unworthy of the officer's return salute.

Does this sound like America or Prussia?

BART ANDRESS.

West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Newport from Inside

SIR: Although I am not used to writing I cannot refrain from telling you that I think the article on Newport in your last number both silly and impertinent. Mr. Hackett speaks of the sewer pipes along the Cliff Walk. Where better had sewerage go than into the sea? Besides for years nobody has walked on the Cliffs except servants and tourists. The fewer tourists come to Newport, the better. There is at times a lot of sea weed at Bailey's Beach, but you can get out beyond it. Probably Mr. Hackett did not know this as he could only have seen the beach from a distance. Visitors have to be properly introduced, their names written down in a book, and a fee paid. Only the other day a woman nobody knew appeared at the beach and everybody was upset.

If there is one thing Newport people will not tolerate it is newspaper reporters. We may ourselves talk about such incidents as a man leaving one lunch table to go to another, but we do not want such matters mentioned in the papers. It is the height of vulgarity. To be sure the New Republic is not a newspaper exactly, nor is it much read in Newport. Nor would the article in question attract attention except for its account of this affair when it will be read as if it were in Town Topics.

People will wonder who told the story to Mr. Hackett. If we find her out, we shall criticize her severely, perhaps even ostracize her. In fact now I come to think of it, I hardly think any one would take the risk. It must have been a servant.

Since when is it undemocratic to be a hotel proprietor? Besides the Newport people with hotels named after them have only their money invested in the hotel, perhaps they have no connection with the hotel at all. I have often heard some of them as well as other people in Newport recommend democracy, and say that if only gentlemen would go into politics this country would be much better off.

During the war Newport was most patriotic. People stopped giving large parties and in a few houses they even substituted waitresses for footmen. Now when they are entertaining again as before the war they are bearing their share of the high cost of living. Newport tradesmen are extortionate and cooks are awfully extravagant and wasteful. I see that President Wilson in his Labor Day message recommended economy. It is to be hoped that the lower classes will pay attention to his eloquent words.

Newport, Rhode Island. NEWPORTER.

Congress Can't Do It

SIR: Upon the subject of lynching you say in your issue of September 10th:

"While conditions grow steadily worse a timid Congress refuses to take action. Perhaps there is not much it can do. But at least it could make lynching a federal crime—"

No, it could not even do that. It really isn't quite fair to castigate Congress for what it can't do. Congress has enough to answer for in failing to do some of the things it can do. No I am in fervent sympathy with your sentiments upon the unspeakable shame that is lynching. But the very least that Congress could do would be to pass a resolution expressing its horror and disapproval, and the very most it could do would be to adopt a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States giving to Congress the power to define and punish the crime of lynching, which under the Constitution as it now stands is subject to the exclusive police power of the several states and entirely outside the jurisdiction of Congress.

New York City. FREEMAN DAY.

The British In India

SIR: The following order will illustrate how in addition to the use of machine guns and bombs from the air and Courts Martial the British in India are enforcing their authority in that country:—

> Whereas it has come to my notice that certain inhabitants of the Lyallpur district are *habitually* exhibiting a lack of respect for gazetted European or civil and military officers of his Majesty's services, *thereby failing to maintain the dignity of the Government,* I hereby order that the inhabitants of the Lyallpur district *shall accord* to all such officers whenever met the salutation usually accorded to Indian gentlemen of high social position *in accordance with the customs of India.* That is to say, persons riding on animals or on or in wheeled conveyances will alight, persons carrying open and raised umbrellas shall lower them, and all persons shall salute or salaam with the hand.
>
> (Signed) C. G. HODGSON, *Lt. Col.*

The insinuation that the people salute every or any Indian of "high social position" in the manner stated in this order is, of course, false but even if true it shows what an affection the people of India have for the British. After what has recently happened in the Punjab, the British could not expect the people of India to show any mark of respect for them *except under martial law.* The italics are mine.

New York City. LAJPAT RAI.

Man Does Not Live by Bread Alone

SIR: Why does it seem so "outrageous" that laborers often receive more money than is paid college teachers and men in similar positions? Why should not the men and women who do the disagreeable work of the world, be paid at least as much as those of us who have, in addition to our salaries, a wealth of non-money income?

The main objection raised is that we have spent many years and much money on our education. Therefore we should command the high salaries.

Is it not enough that we are blessed with education and brains enough to do the clean, attractive, pleasant work, that affords, besides, the greatest intellectual stimulus and satisfaction?

We do not even require so large an allowance in our budget for pleasure as the average laborer, since our "costly" education has given us mental access to the free pleasures of books (from the library), pictures (in the galleries), reveries (under a tree in the public park or wood).

Naturally, we must admit that professional salaries are too low when they mean a "sorely pinched subsistence," but that is hardly a reason for insisting that the subsistence of the laborer should be still more sorely pinched. (See further: Bertrand Russell's chapter on "Work and Pay" in his "Proposed Roads to Freedom.")

KAREN MONRAD JONES.

Hanover, N. H.

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Two Plays

Judith, a play, by Arnold Bennett. New York: Doran Co.

Abraham Lincoln, a play, by John Drinkwater. With an introduction by Arnold Bennett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

IT is easy to shrink from reading these plays. The titles suggest the eloquent, the noble and the pompous. But it would be a great mistake not to give them their chance. Neither of them is stilted or trite. Both of them are simple and human.

Arnold Bennett's is not a soul-shaking romance. Whether he was tempted to write a full-blown poetized drama I cannot say, but the fact is he has avoided it—to the disgust, I have no doubt, of the admirers of Stephen Phillips and his school of velour English. There is in Mr. Bennett something of the groundling even, and he does not try to disguise it in Judith. But the fact that he is strictly unsentimental does not deprive his drama of illusion and eloquence. These things come mainly from the superb story itself, and the character that is revealed in the manipulation of it. Bennett is grave and responsive in his treatment of Judith. It is only the male heroes, the generals and governors and courtiers, who seem to him rather a joke. Though he still sports a loin-cloth of reverence, he sees them irreverently. It is essentially the play of a man who has been one of the insiders in the recent war.

The one thinness in the drama, as I read it, is its sole excursion into sexual romanticism. It is all right for Ozias, the governor of Bethulia, to adore the ground that Judith walks on. He has known her a long time and for a long time aspired to her. It is simply his innate deceit and craftiness that cheats him of her. But the speed with which Holofernes succumbs to Judith is bewildering. She is, let us say, a very beautiful Frenchwoman attended by her maid, who faces out from Verdun to the German camp, and she comes upon the chief of staff. After a few questions and replies this big chief, Kaiser, remarks to his eunuch: "There is not such a woman from one end of the earth to the other, both for beauty of face and wisdom of words." It is really too like Gilbert and Sullivan. But let us suppose Holofernes did fall into the trap. Such things may happen. Yet when Arnold Bennett wrote these rapturous words, was he not counting on a very fatuous audience? Only on the terms that Holofernes was a peculiarly greedy, vain, sanguine, expansive and reckless character, could Judith have put it over him so easily. The religious arguments that she makes to him could scarcely be plausible with a military man. And her racial charm would surely have forewarned him. Still, unless Holofernes had been extremely credulous and unwary, Judith could never have played the contemptible trick that she did play on him; and the trick is so picturesque and the consequences so dramatic, enquiry into it may not be too grudging.

Mr. Bennett enjoyed creating Ozias. He is the big noise in Bethulia, the fierce war governor, the great leader of men. With his own secret supply of water, he endures the public thirst heroically. He sets an example. And he rallies the public spirit magnificently while despising the public as rabbits, sheep and lice. He is all ready to be captured by Holofernes. "We might be enslaved together, Judith and I. The history of the world is full of miracles. Meanwhile, I live, and the strong savor of life inflames my nostrils; and the ever-increasing magnificence and terror of war is like wine in my mouth. I shake with delight at the vastness and mystery of the future. . . . And there is woman!" What he means, of course, is not woman but women. So when Judith returns to find him taking credit for her idealistic though treacherous expedition, and when she tells him she sees through him, Ozias goes on to Jerusalem, "called to higher things," and leaves to Judith the pure romance of her young Assyrian lover. It is the art of Mr. Bennett to be as candid about middle-aged lechery as he is exalted by the high dignity and clear vision of Judith. The color of the play is in these perceptions rather than in any warmth of passion or richness and weight of expression.

John Drinkwater's Abraham Lincoln is a much less playful, much more intrinsically serious and reverent performance. And it is a national disgrace to the American theatre. For here is an Englishman who values Lincoln in a beautiful play as the alien St. Gaudens and the persecuted Barnard have valued and honored him in sculpture. It is true that practically every lyricist in the United States now living has written his ode to Lincoln; and there have been some stage and moving-picture representations of him. But the American theatre is so degenerate that there is no place in it such as the English theatre, under the star of Arnold Bennett and Nigel Playfair, has made for John Drinkwater. Degenerate is the word. And even the importing of Mr. Drinkwater's drama is only a rootless substitute for our own seeding and growing of such a play.

Mr. Drinkwater's disadvantages have been many. In a prefatory note he confesses freely to an ignorance of "local color" which his play may well be said to substantiate. The "servant-maid" (i.e., hired girl) Susan is not Americanly conceived, and the colored man Custis talks pidgin-English of a sort never imagined in the wildest dreams of an American. ("No, you not slave. You servant, but you free body. That very mighty thing," etc.). But these aberrations, unaffectedly confessed by the author, have no serious bearing on the reality as distinguished from the actuality of the interpretation. That interpretation has the virtue of reposing pretty squarely on the foundation of Lord Charnwood's Lincoln, and it rises to great heights on wings of its own.

What Mr. Drinkwater has sought is the character of Lincoln—the mind as well as the spirit, the will as well as the heart and the imagination. The mind he shows admirably in two or three episodes beautifully merged in the drama. It is revealed in Lincoln's sober handling of the nomination committee from the Republican convention; in his sharp examination of the Southern delegates whom he finds sounding Seward; and in his explanation to his cabinet of the reasons he has for putting through the emancipation proclamation. His will comes out in each of these episodes, but with special force—as it should—in his domination of Seward in the interest of the administration, and in his dismissal of the fictitious member of the cabinet Hook. His will is also pleasantly conceived in its interplay with the will of Mrs. Lincoln; and he is shown in all his patient formidableness in his disposal of one of Mrs. Lincoln's bitter-end visitors. His imagination and his feeling surcharge practically every act of his life, but they show radiantly in his talk with the Negro and in his talk with the condemned boy Scott and in his trustful friendliness with Grant. These episodes gain enormously by being part of the essential drama—the drama of Lincoln tested in the fire of his nation's war.

But Lincoln is not angelic plaster in Mr. Drinkwater's

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play. His brusquerie with Susan, his exasperating love of Artemus Ward, his uncompromising will—these give him validity. Perhaps the real Lincoln had much more of the politician than Mr. Drinkwater has shown. Perhaps he had more whimsical humor, and yet more moral fuzziness of outline. But the Lincoln who rises unsupported and impregnable from the stream of time is substantially this Lincoln—holding precisely that communion with the spirit which Mr. Drinkwater suggests in the lovely preludes and postludes of his poetic chorus.

Both these plays should gain in the theatre. From Mr. Bennett's spicy introduction to Mr. Drinkwater, it is easy to guess how the vast sanity and serenity of Lincoln must have ennobled the playhouse in London. And the splendor and color of Judith's exploit needs the trappings that the theatre supplies.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

The Dardanelles Campaign

The Dardanelles Campaign, by Henry W. Nevinson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE literature of the war has so far been of a quality about which enthusiasm is difficult. The book-market is today so efficiently organized that anyone with experiences to relate may be certain that some enterprising publisher will find for him the journalist necessary to its relation. The authentic note, such as one catches in the prose epic of Barbusse or the poems of Siegfried Sassoon is too often diluted into the pinchbeck heroics of Coningsby Dawson. Mr. Nevinson belongs to the highest class of war-correspondents. Anyone who knows his record salutes in him the last of the great knight-errants of modern chivalry. He has always had the quick eye and the generous heart. He has always championed the cause of the oppressed, whether in Ireland, India, the Balkans or Russia. His revelation of conditions in Portuguese Angola is one of those effective pieces of silent heroism which dignify civilization even while they trouble the Foreign Office. This book on the Dardanelles Campaign is hardly the least notable of his achievements. Its strength lies in its passionate moderation, the eager desire to be fair, the studied avoidance of sentiment, the willing praise of a gallant enemy, above all the recognition that the real hero of his narrative is the private soldier. It is doubtless certain that in the future we shall have books on the Dardanelles which speak with greater authority because from fuller data. But we shall have no book which catches with such quiet beauty the spirit of a glorious tragedy or which pronounces a condemnation of war the more complete from its effective silence.

Upon the details of Mr. Nevinson's record, only a military expert has the right to speak. The general reader can note only the presence of that courage in danger which gives the lie to those who doubt the potential splendor of human nature. Heroism like that of Lieutenant A. V. Smith who having leaped to safety returned to throw himself upon an exploding grenade lest other lives be lost; or of Lieutenant-Commander Freyberg who swam four hundred yards in a shell-torn sea and then crawled nearly a mile to obtain information at the risk of almost certain capture; these things tell us that peace has still to evolve inducements which can compete with the challenges of war. Those who want to know how clerks and miners fight have only to read the story of Lancashire Landing where the sea was red with the blood of the men who fell. Those who care for military strategy will find in Mr. Nevinson's discussion of the final evacuation an exploit of which the brilliance was admitted even by German critics of distinction.

But the real problem of the book is the expedition itself. Why was it undertaken? Could it succeed? Why did it fail? Mr. Nevinson attempts only indirect response to these questions. Russia was hard pressed in the Caucasus and it was essential to relieve her burden. Someone fired the imagination of Mr. Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, with the prospect of forcing the Dardanelles, and it is to his insistent energy that the expedition was due. Its advantages, of course, were obvious. To capture Constantinople meant winning the doubtful support of Greece and Bulgaria. It opened a back-door into Russia. It cut at the heart of Germany's Eastern policy. Mr. Nevinson does not conceal his belief that, could the plan have been accomplished, the war would have ended in 1916. But the whole problem was its execution. Was it to be purely naval or a combined effort of the army and navy? All the experts seem to have favored the latter plan. Mr. Churchill, with the characteristic rashness of an amateur genius, was for the plan anyhow and on almost any terms. A military expedition being postponed, he ventured, in at least partial defiance of his experts, upon an unsuccessful bombardment by the navy; of which the only result was to give the Turks the information which led them to make the Dardanelles peninsula impregnable except to overwhelming forces. When the military effort came, it was regarded at London as purely a sideshow. The soldiers' hearts were in the West; and Easternism was the most unfashionable of hypotheses. Everything, from men to medical supplies, was sent grudgingly; and though Sir Ian Hamilton got from his troops the kind of reckless courage which proclaims a great leader of men, Mr. Nevinson's record makes it clear that there was only one moment when success ever seemed within grasp. When the Gurkas and the Lancashires were on the saddle of Chunuk Bair they may well have thought that the Straits were opened. But instead of General Baldwin's reinforcement there came only a shattering salvo of artillery; and it is possible, though uncertain, that those who had come within an ace of conquest, were annihilated by their own guns. Thenceforward there was no hope; and Mr. Nevinson records the end with something of that quiet relentlessness that one feels in a Greek tragedy.

It is difficult to know where the blame must chiefly lie. Part at least must rest, and in heavy measure, with Mr. Churchill. His work at the Admiralty is a supreme example of the danger which tempts the amateur into thinking himself an expert. If the naval expedition had been postponed until the army was ready the peninsula might never have been so stoutly fortified and the combined attack successful. The failure of the ships gave the Turks the warning which proved fatal. But some blame rests also upon the army. There had undoubtedly grown up a vested interest in the Western front which made the British Imperial Staff inapt to understand the significance of alien adventure. The record shows also the danger in any administrative system of a reputation for indispensability. Lord Kitchener's views seem to have been accepted by his colleagues as the pronouncements of fate; and the experts who attended him at the War Council seem never to have ventured an opinion in his presence. Which is broadly to say that the Prime Minister never had in his hands the full

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materials for political judgment. Nor was he happy in the colleagueship of Mr. Churchill. That volatile and selfish genius did not know what is meant by common counsel. He measured himself against Lord Fisher's judgment with the sublime equanimity which comes from ignorance alone. He was so absorbed in the greatness of the plan that he never thought through the difficulties of its execution. In the result the moral loss by failure to the Allies was hardly offset by the grandeur of the tragedy. It only cost Mr. Churchill his office; but it made the Dardanelles a cemetery of brave men.

Mr. Nevinson knew what a noble theme he had when he sat down to write. He was present in the campaign; he knew the leaders; he loved the men. The book he has written is worthy of the adventure. It cannot be read without a quickening of the pulse. It is without rhetoric and it is not a plea. It is rather the kind of memorial that the men who died would most have desired. For what they would have wished was the exact commemoration of the way they did their duty. Their effort may have ended in failure. Their caverns, as Mr. Nevinson tells us, are now the huts of shepherds; their trenches have crumbled into furrows. Even their graves have been obliterated. But the whole earth, as Pericles said, is the cemetery of brave men; and they stand as ghosts challenging our effort to justify their sacrifice.

H. J. L.

Hunger and Love in War-Time Vienna

Der Nervöse Magen, by Wilhelm Stekel, M.D., Vienna: Verlag Paul Knepler.

SCHILLER somewhere apostrophizes hunger and love as the twin pillars of life. Scientists who study living things frequently express the idea in terms of self-preservation and race-perpetuation; and occasionally someone simplifies the pattern of life still further by venturing a theoretical derivation of love from hunger—a speculation to which amoeba, it is said, gives ocular support, and to which oldfashioned housewives allow pragmatic validity. Now, whether we are inclined thus to grant priority to hunger, or to regard hunger and love as coeval, we cannot fail to be struck by the fact that whereas the psychology of love has notoriously made considerable stir of late, notably under the guidance of the Viennese school, the psychology of hunger seems somehow to have been neglected. Perhaps psychologists have hitherto been too well fed to be attracted to the problem. At any rate, it is from hunger-haunted Vienna of the fourth year of the war that we get our first modern essay at a psychology of hunger. Like the first Freudian studies of the amatory, this pioneer investigation of the gustatory deals mainly with pathological aspects. It is concerned with the fitful hunger of the neurotic with gastric symptoms. Written by a disciple of Freud, it explains the pathological behavior of the "nervous stomach" as a symbolical expression of unconsciously pathological sex-behavior, tracing the symbolism to obvious analogies between love and hunger, shame and disgust.

But for the lay reader, happily indifferent to the etiology of the nervous stomach, the most interesting thing about the little book is the fact that its pages frequently reflect the color of war-time Vienna. Its author is a physician of expansive, humanitarian temperament, who regards even the everyday world about him with a clinical eye and a healing purpose. Apparently the everyday world of Vienna, 1918, offered abundant opportunity for both an eye and a purpose so disposed. The pictures of the pitifully emaciated children of Vienna recently published in the Survey display some of the ultimate consequences of the "hunger-blockade"; there are passages in this monograph which gossip no less vividly of penultimate consequences—of the soul and the stomach of Vienna shortly before the great collapse.

Before the war, the stomach of Vienna—or of the "world," as our author puts it—exhibited an increasing liability to *Appetitlosigkeit*. "All sorts of people," he writes, "complained of loss of appetite. Appetizing drops, appetizing wines, appetizing powders—a host of appetite-restoratives were on the market." The memory of those blessed fat years in mind, he looks at his lean war-worn Vienna and notes, not without a touch of irony, that at least this blight on the joy of living had completely disappeared. "Suddenly everybody rejoiced in an appetite: children and old folks, nervous people, non-eaters, and even those who had complained for years of loss of appetite."—It is an oddly polarized city he sketches for us. The Vienna that once had danced with the Blue Danube, made love with Anatol, debated ultimate things with Professor Bernhardi, had become a Vienna that saw everything in the *Magenperspective*. The city was not yet starving; but month after month it had been drawing its belt tighter with the knowledge that starvation lurked just round the corner. "The constant dread of hunger," we read, "has evoked in nearly everybody a ravenous appetite that will not be appeased. Linger a moment before a provision dealer's and study the glances of the passers-by. Not merely those of the poor—you can take it for granted that they are envious of all the splendid show. . . . I am referring to the well-to-do, who *caress* the heaps of eatables with their eyes. Morphine for the apprehensive stomach! Over and over the comforting reassurance: *You* at least won't starve!" Impelled to test experimentally this "field observation," our author distributed paper at a gathering of forty "highly intelligent men, representative men of science" with the request that each of those present write down any word that occurred offhand. "What a monotonous list of eatables and drinkables!" he exclaims, surveying the result. "And forty intelligent men! What bounded their horizons? Eggs, beer, fat, porkchops, *salzstangel*, rolls, sandwiches, and the like. . . . It seems that people have but a single thought nowadays: food. But a single dread: the dread of hunger. But a single longing: the longing to fill their storerooms with provisions."

Sufficiently absurd are the antics of the human marionette when either the master-wire of love or the master-wire of hunger is pulled. Puck was inordinately delighted with the erotic responses of his amorous playthings; for most of us, primitive belly-hunger is so remote a contingency, so faded a tradition, that we can smile more or less like Olympians at this glimpse-through-the-clouds of an apprehensively hungry Vienna. Our author sees the sorry fun of it, too. "One makes a new acquaintance," he writes, "and is forthwith obsessed by the thought: What can I get from this fellow? If once it was possible to win by all barriers with an ass laden with gold, nowadays the doors and the hearts of the great are open to the lucky chap who can promise flour, eggs, butter, cigars. How

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absurd and ridiculous a world is this of the 'great days' of the war!"

The temptation to quote from reports on the cases of individual neurotics, and especially from the case of the lady of noble birth who hoarded food beyond the bounds of reason—not because she was afraid of starving but, according to our author, because she was afraid that her husband's "best friend" would be killed on the field of battle—the temptation to quote from this picturesque material is very strong, if only because it is on the basis of such data that our author arrives at the conclusion that "love is stronger than hunger; that, paradoxical as it may sound, we find it easier to bear an insufficiency of food than an insufficiency of love." But there is room for only this—a cry from a Vienna that had learned to long for peace:

"The war is merely a phase of the great struggle between love and hate, a struggle that will never be fought to a finish. Whoever withdraws his love from his enemy is very near the will to starve him to death; and then the ancient symbolical coupling of Hunger and Love is transformed into the terrible phrase, Hunger and Hate. Now that hatred has raged for four long years, now that long-repressed forces have found vent in orgies of malevolence, the passion of millions of tortured hearts trembles with unfulfilled longing for peace. The world is hungry! Hungry for Bread and Love! Hungry for the Bread of Love!"

GUSTAV F. SCHULZ.

The Fame of Leonard Merrick

The Actor Manager, by Leonard Merrick. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE fame of Mr. Leonard Merrick had recently had a new face put on it by the appearance of an edition of his works with introductions from such well known English authors as Pinero, Barrie, Wells, Chesterton, W. J. Locke, Maurice Hewlett and others, and our own William Dean Howells. It is a new spectacle, a group of famous contemporaries banded together to see a man through. And it is even more interesting to find one question that seems—either openly said or lurking in their minds—to trouble them all. Why is it that Mr. Leonard Merrick is not more popular? Why is a novelist so perfect in his arts, why is a writer of works that possess such a "singular shapeliness," to use Mr. Howells' phrase, not more widely read? As Barrie says, "they have an uneasy feeling that if the public will not like his works, will not take his works to their hearts, there must be something wrong with the popularity of their own. Unless you like Merrick also, please don't like me." It is only natural for these authors to wonder why a man who has carried to perfection the technique of the art should not win what they have won. In the same way we have heard painters wonder why Fragonard was not more followed after.

But whatever the reason may be for Mr. Merrick's comparative lack of following, I should object to the implication lurking behind a good many of these comments. One gets the impression that Mr. Merrick is not popular because, as one of his critics says, "the artistry is so faultless and because he makes no concessions to the taste of the public groundlings." Obviously, to resort to mawkish sentiment and to tricks might catch for a novelist a certain popular taste. But that does not prove that the absence of these faults keeps a work unpopular.

The truth is that for laymen form in any art is only a means that conveys to them the content. They have no conscious sense or enjoyment of form in itself. As a matter of fact form is a kind of separate dialect that belongs to each individual art. And people may be cultivated to enjoy form in itself, there is no doubt of that. They may be taught to see that every art has its conditions, the rules of the game, as a sport in athletics has. But Mr. Merrick is not like Flaubert in having a public that is cultivated in that particular sort of thing. Clearly, then, there may not be a large enough public capable of admiring Mr. Merrick's novels on account of their admirable form. But certainly few people could fail to like them because of it.

It may be also that there is a certain irony in these novels that hurts their popularity; together with the fact, as Mr. Howells suggests, that the stories are almost always very unhappy, full of the meanness of things, and without the great world, titles, society and grand ladies. But when Mr. Howells compares Mr. Merrick with the Russians, even to Turgeniev, as he does, and wonders again why he is not more popular, it is hard to follow him. The stroke, the artistic medium in each may be of the same quality of excellence; but it does not carry, could not carry, the tremendous volume and breadth of passionate living content that makes Russian novels sometimes seem to turn life into mere fiction by the side of them.

The Actor Manager, like many of Mr. Merrick's novels, deals with the stage. There is no sense of plot except as life has a sense of plot; but from page to page we are kept wondering and reading on, which is the one sign of the true story teller's art. It is discreet, perfectly proportioned, secure. One does not record a mistake in the whole book, a false line. From start to finish you feel that it happened. Its naturalism never seems conventional nor artificial, as is so often the case in the boasted French naturalism. To the incurable naturalist all this is the last word, of course, the summit of things. How, then, shall one decide?

D'Annunzio in Il Fuoco deals also with stage people. Compared to the Actor Manager, Il Fuoco lacks reserve, discretion, proportion, common sense, lacks daylight. But it is also magnificent; its style is like an orchestra behind the mere meaning of the words; it has moments of great imagination like that of Dante's images and of Titian's Ariadne. The actress in the Actor Manager is steady and sincere and excellent. She wishes sincerely to do a Browning play. D'Annunzio's actress is a woman in whose body and mind the utmost quiver and fusion of life is registered, to become great art. She is the art of acting itself, living, beautiful, terrible; and she and her lover not only discuss but they create The Dead City. Beside such a book the Actor Manager seems only too dry, seems limited—just as Il Fuoco may seem unequal, inordinate. But given its artistic intentions and its choice of its people, Mr. Merrick's novel is secure and impeccable. S. Y.

The Pale Horse

The Pale Horse, by "Ropshin" (Boris Savinkov). New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE Pale Horse is the diary of "George O'Brien," "Frol Semenov Titnov," "Engineer Malinovsky," all of them the same man, a Nihilist with no name. He and four others are in a certain Russian town to kill the governor. After two failures they succeed.—As much as the governor's death, George desires Elena, a married

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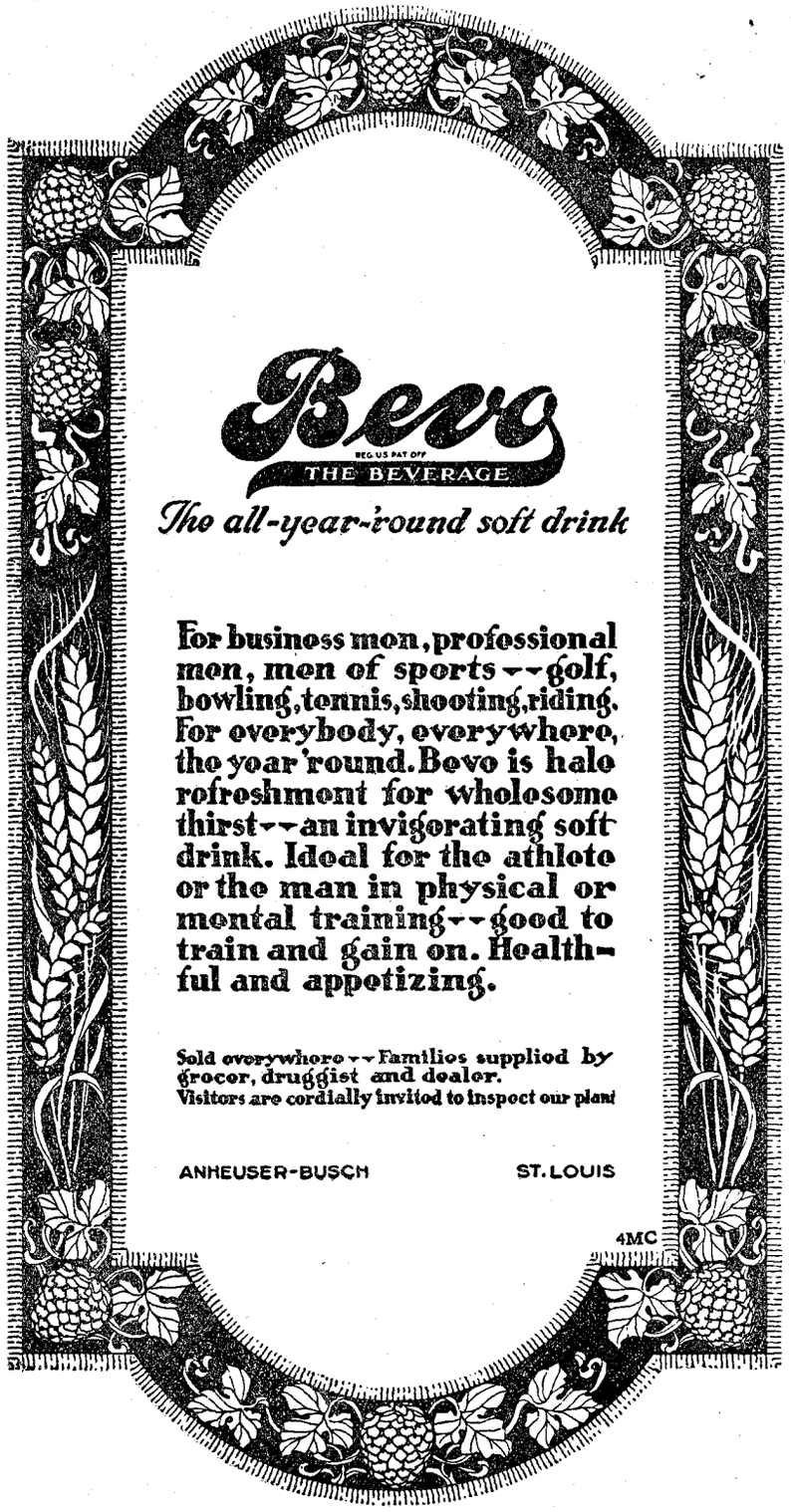
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Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared ROBERT HALLOWELL, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The New Republic and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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woman. She comes to him, but she will not leave her husband. He kills her husband. Then he suddenly sees that whereas before he has killed for an ideal, for a cause, he has now killed for his own sake; and in the struggle of wondering whether the one is not just as much murder as the other his thin faith in life vanishes into suicide.

"George," as his comrades call him, is not "the" Nihilist, not a lay-figure for the display of pro or anti-terrorist sentiments; he is primarily a human being who happens to be a nihilist; and his diary is a chapter of human perplexity that happens to be laid in Russia. But well as Savinkov poses the gray tumultuous problems of striving and self-questioning that overwhelm these fierce and anxious lives, one is somehow less impressed by their soul catastrophes than by the piercing clarity of the art that has created them. The pen of Savinkov is a sharp instrument; it cuts away every superfluous undergrowth of explanation until his people and scenes and situations stand out like naked black trees against a yellow sky.

He is not only more visual than one is accustomed to find Russian writers, he has the conciseness of Japanese print. Before he wins Elena, George has accepted the love of Erna, a fellow nihilist. Afterwards her pleading devotion bores him. He sketches Erna thus: "Her large hands, her affectionate voice, her red cheeks irritated me."

Andrei Petrovich, member of the "Central Committee," an old revolutionary with melancholy eyes and a pointed gray beard comes to see George: "His face was a lemon yellow and there were wrinkles round his eyes. He surely lived in poor suburban lodgings, subsisted on tea prepared on a spirit lamp, wore a thin overcoat all the winter, and spent all his time in planning and discussing. He was 'doing work.'"

When at last a bomb takes effect, George is watching from a distance: "A column of grayish-yellow smoke, almost completely black at the edges, was broadening out into a funnel shape and filling the whole street. And at the same moment I heard the familiar odd cast-iron rumble. A cab-driver's horse rose on its hind legs startled by the noise. A lady in a large black hat, who was walking in front of me, shrieked and sat down on the sidewalk. A policeman stood still with a pale face for a moment, then rushed in the direction of the sound. . . . I heard cries, and I knew for certain: this time he *was* killed. . . . An hour later extra editions announcing the news were sold in the streets. I held the paper in my hands, and my eyes were dim with excitement."

If so much is quoted to show the visual graphicness of Savinkov, it does not mean that he is without spiritual perception. The conflicts between Vania who believes in God, Heinrich who believes in humanity and George who has only doubts are real conflicts. But it is as artist rather than philosopher that one will remember "Ropshin."

Contributors

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